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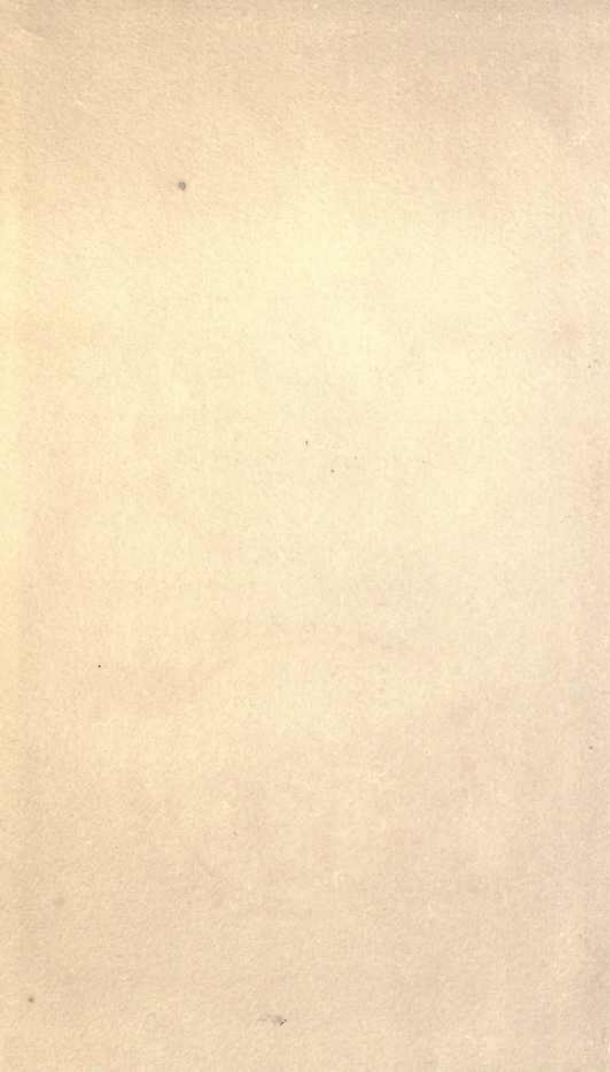
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P O E M S
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Dedicated to the

Reverend Dr. DELAUNE, President
of St. JOHN'S College in OXFORD.

By N. AMHURST, sometime of the same
College.

Facta est Alea.



L O N D O N :

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

9th of January

St. John's College in Oxford.



W O O J

Price 1/6



To the REVEREND.

D^R. DELAUNE,

P R E S I D E N T

O F

St. JOHN'S College in OXFORD.

SIR,



Shall not, in this Address to you, act inconsistently with my professed mean opinion of our modern Dedicators and Dedications, since I design to avoid in my self whatever gives me offence in them, I expect no *Guineas*, and there-

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fore

fore I hope you will be so good as to expect no *Compliments*.

What wholly prevail'd upon me to clap your venerable Name to these miscellaneous *Bastards* of my brain, was this; I have had for *nine* or *ten* months many things to say unto you; and I was willing to let the world know what they were, as well as your self.

Lo! therefore, at your feet, Reverend Sir, I throw the following Collection of my Lucubrations, which were written (most of 'em) within your learned Walls, and under your most auspicious Government: you will find it compos'd of Poems, sacred and profane, original, paraphrased, imitated, and translated; Tales, Epigrams, Epistles, Love-verses, Elegies upon departed Friends, and Satires upon living Enemies; it begins with the *Creation of the World*, and ends with the discovery of that ingenious utensil, a *Bottle-scrue*.

I humbly make it my request that I may be read with the same candour that
my

my co-temporary Authors at OXFORD have been ; and that my rhimes may be equally admir'd with others that are equally dull : and I do particularly forbid your *Professor* in this Faculty to criticize on my Works, before he has done the same justice to his own.

But because I know that he cannot forbear carping and cavilling ; I design to be even with him, and propose to establish a very bulky Reputation upon the ruins of his : For this purpose I shall shortly put to the Press some incomparable Performances, which I have by me, of that orthodox Poet ; particularly an excellent new Garland, intituled, *The Hanover Turnip* ; a copy of Verses upon the *Chevalier's Picture*, and another upon the death of the *young Prince*, in which he proves the *exit* of that *Whiggish* young Rogue to be the greatest Blessing the Nation ever received ; but he will be easily forgiven this little Peccadillo by *those persons* who ought to resent it, having lately experienced their good nature in a
much

much greater instance. How happy are some men, whose Enemies prove their Friends! and how unhappy are others, whose Friends prove their Enemies!

If any person in the University has any Pieces by him, that compliment the *Church*, or vilify the *Revolution*, let him direct 'em to me in my Garret at Mr. *Francklin's* (not *Curll's*, as some persons have suppos'd) in *Fleetstreet*, and they shall be faithfully inserted.

To return to my own Labours. You will find some of 'em that make a little free with your sacred Order; but as every candid reader will suppose that I aim at *bad* Clergymen only, I am sure they cannot give *you* the least uneasiness.

This is all I shall say of the following Collection; I will therefore now throw aside the Poet, and speak to you in the character of an unhappy young Fellow, who has, by his erroneous Principles, fallen under your heavy Displeasure, and has been *expell'd* from
your

your *Affections*, as well as your *College*.

Don't think, dear Sir, that I am going to charge you with any injustice, or even unkindness to me: no; on the contrary, I have receiv'd abundance of favours from your hands, and I am resolv'd to acknowledge them.

In the first place; if ten thousand kind promises to serve me to the utmost of your power; if repeated declarations of your Concern for my Welfare and Prosperity, are any Obligations, how infinitely am I oblig'd to you? I don't indeed say that you ever perform'd any of those numerous Promises, or that in any one instance you ever shew'd that Concern you profess'd for me; but I dare not blame you for that; it would be wounding the whole body of *great Men* at once thro' your sides.

Secondly; It was under your wise Administration, that I first arriv'd at any Knowledge in the world: I came to your College a raw, ignorant school-boy, and foolishly thought Mankind
in

in earnest in what they professed ; I took Liberty for a *real* Blessing, and Religion for the *real* Worship of God ; I often remember how scrupulous I was in the most *common* concerns of Life ; with what awful dread I took an Oath, and with what tremendous veneration I receiv'd the Sacrament : but how much I am improved for the *better* since, let my *worst* Enemies bear witness.

I rashly judg'd of Religion by the Works it produc'd, and of its Professors by the sanctity of their Behaviour ; but I am now convinc'd of a great Truth, namely, that Faith and a good Life are utterly independent of each other, and that a Tree may bring forth *bad* Fruit, without fear of being *hewn down and cast into the Fire*.

It is likewise, under your excellent Administration, that I made my self Master of a pipe of Tobacco, a Bottle, and a Syllogism : I got acquainted with abundance of *crabbed* Names and *metaphysical* Gentlemen, who formerly gave me terrible apprehensions ; but
after

after a little conversation with them, I found them to be very civil, harmless Fellows, and so far from having any *bad* meaning, that they had really *no* meaning at all: indeed they have been made the tools of very wicked Men, and for very wicked purposes; but so have many *non-meaning* Blockheads as well as they.

To you, Sir, and to the *learned old Woman, my Mother*, I am also indebted for the title and privileges of a *Gentleman*: when I came to the University, I thought my self a vile *Plebeian*; but I am told that a liberal Education intitles me to a liberal Character, and accordingly I have now clapt on a *Sword*, a *Tye-Wig*, and a *laced Hat*, and keep company with the best Gentlemen in the County ---- Indeed I am my self, by *Birth*, a sort of a Gentleman, for my Father was a Country *Grazier*, and my Grandfather, a Country *Parson*, which is (you will say) no mean Extraction; but *vix ea nostra voco*, and methinks I would set up, on a stock of my own.

Nor ought I to forget the good advice and many kind warnings you were pleased to give me : You fairly told me beforehand, that I did not take the right way to a Fellowship in Your College ; that, if I expected any friends there, I must not follow my own wild opinions, nor my own hair-brain'd judgment: You told me that I had the character of a *turbulent, obstinate, malicious, ill-natur'd* Fellow ; and (what is still worse than all, said you) that I was inclin'd to *Infidelity*: upon which I said within my self, *How good and joyful a thing it is for Brethren to dwell together in Unity?*

Happy had it been for me, if I had followed your advice ! but instead of that, like a fool, I got a cock-horse upon Reason, and gallop'd away in romantick search of a fair Lady, called *Truth*, whom after many tedious journeys, and obstinate encounters by the way, I found at last in a large Castle, guarded by a numerous Regiment of *black* Giants, who told me that she was

I

their

their Prisoner, and that it was in vain for me to attempt her rescue. They told me farther, that they and their predecessors had kept her there for *above a thousand years*, and had levied upon Mankind immense sums of Money for maintaining them in religious ignorance; which they constantly paid with great *thankfulness* and *humility*.

These and several other such like favours have I received from *You* and my *academical* Step-mother: there are also several other things which Flesh and Blood assured me were very bad usage; but I comforted my self under them with the thought of what a merry Friend of mine says, that it is *for the good of our Souls, that you use our Bodies so ill*: I am glad that the Parsons in this one instance come so near the Almighty, whom they are hir'd to imitate, and *chasten whom they love*; sure they must love me dearly well! I rejoice in their kind severities; for let them but suffer me to make the best of

the *next world*, I care not how miserable they make me in *this*.

You will pardon me, good Sir, if I think it necessary for your Honour to mention the many heinous crimes for which I was brought to shame. None were indeed publicly alledged against me at that time, because it might as well be done afterwards; sure *old Englishmen* can never forget, that there is such a thing in the world as hanging a Man first, and trying him afterwards: so far'd it with me; my Prosecutors first proved me, by an undeniable Argument, to be no Fellow of St. JOHN's College, and then to be---the Lord knows what.

My Indictment, as it is collected out of the faithful Annals of common Fame, runs thus.

Advices from OXFORD say, that on the 29th of June, 1719, one NICHOLAS AMHURST of St. JOHN's College was expell'd for the following Reasons:

Imprimis,

Imprimis, For loving *foreign* Turnips and *Presbyterian* Bishops.

Item, For believing that *Steeple*s and *Organs* are not absolutely necessary to salvation.

Item, For Ingratitude to his Benefactor, that spotless Martyr, St. WILLIAM LAUD.

Item, for *Preaching* without Orders, and *Praying* without a Commission.

Item, For lampooning *Priestcraft* and *Petticoatcraft*.

Quam benè conveniunt & in unâ sede morantur?

Item, For *not* lampooning the Government and the Revolution.

Item, For prying into *secret History*.

Item, To prevent the same.

My natural Modesty will not permit me, like other Apologists, to vindicate my self in any one particular; the whole Charge is so artfully drawn up, that no reasonable person would think
think

ever the *better* of me, should I justify my self till Doomsday.

---- *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*

I am willing to submit to any accusation which so candid and impartial a person as *common Fame* shall bring against me; for tho' she has made but a scurvy sort of a Blade of me; yet if her Reports will be allow'd to be authentick, there are *other Persons* in the world as bad as my self.

And therefore, like other polite Malefactors, I heartily forgive my Accusers, and confess that I deserv'd the punishment I suffer'd: I am now sufficiently convinc'd of the folly and sottishness of Freethinking; and were it possible for me to live over my days again, no body should accuse me of too little Faith; no, I would believe even to supererogation, and make it the sole business of my Life to bolt new Mysteries out of Scripture, and new points of Faith

Faith more difficult and abstruse than those already impos'd upon Mankind, to shew how good a Churchman I could be, and how much I could outstrip even the *Athanasian* Believers.

I can scarce forgive my self for my childish Behaviour whilst I was under your Power and Disposal: what had I to do with the Quarrels of the Clergy, or the Authority of the Convocation, or the Divinity of your OXFORD Ladies? Blockhead as I was! Why could not I believe every thing, pay no body, and live in as much Reputation as my Neighbours?

My Eyes are now open, and the stupidity of my late Conduct glares me full in the face; I see the fool-hardiness of opposing popular Arguments and established Opinions; and what mortifies me most is, that altho' I am convinc'd of an error, yet is it too late to repent.

Here, methinks, you interrupt me with that notable saying in your mouth, *numquam sera est ad bonos mores via*:
Pho!

Pho! Doctor, that's all foolish, antiquated stuff! Our modern Ethicks say, that it is too late to repent, when it is too late to get any thing by it. Very well, say you; but pray, Sir, is not *Virtue its own Reward*? O fie, Doctor! worse and worse still; Hunger, Thirst, and Nakedness are but poor Rewards, and (in my opinion) worse than none at all.

I hope all young Men will take warning from me, how they meddle with spiritual *Edge Tools*, and ecclesiastical *Prize-fighters*. Who, but a Fool or a Madman, would have his Pockets pick'd, or his Bones broken; or be turn'd out of a good Place, or into a nasty Gaol merely for *thinking* like one in his Senses? We were some time ago assured by a very great and reverend Person, that *Freethinking is not now the way to Preferment*: and has not he made his word good? Are not the greatest Bigots and Blockheads made the greatest *Pluralists*? Are not the best *Parsonages*, and the fattest *Sine Cures* the Re-ward

ward of Laziness and Ignorance? If this is not a good Argument against *thinking freely*, I would know what is.

Besides, *Freethinking* is unfashionable, and makes a Man look singular in all Company; it puts him to the continual fatigue of proving white to be white, and black to be black, for which he is sure to be heartily pitied and despis'd.

The whole world is govern'd by a *majority*: A powerful Monarch thinks it a good argument for clapping up a Peace with all convenient speed. The same weighty argument has induc'd many an holy Pastor to forswear himself, and comply with the *necessity* of the Times. In short, it makes Kings and Parliament Men; settles Money Bills and Articles of Faith.

Another good argument against *thinking freely*, or (which is just the same) against *thinking at all*, is, that it impairs the Constitution, debilitates the Nerves, renders the Countenance fallow and wrinkled, is a great nourisher
of

of the Vapours, and very much incapacitates young Fellows for the society of Ladies. This argument has of late done great service to the Church at OXFORD.

Lastly, *Freethinking* is apt to make Men think contemptuously of Excommunication, and Absolution, and Benediction, and Passive Obedience, and Hereditary Right, and Per--y, and --- other such like *Apostolical* Doctrines of the Church.

These few, but unanswerable arguments will, I hope, be of some use to stop the growing mischiefs of *Reason* and private *Enquiry*; I have felt the smart of them my self, and would shew others the Rock upon which I split: all that I can do farther towards this pious end, is to make a publick Recantation of my Errors, which I freely do in the following words.

Whereas I N. A. formerly Member of St. JOHN's College in OXFORD, and now Citizen of the wide World, have, by some late

late poisonous Writings, been unwarily and fatally misled into divers heretical and damnable Opinions, inconsistent with the Prosperity of the visible Church of England, and her visible Governors, by professing an ill-grounded Zeal for the invisible Church and her invisible King; and whereas, in consequence of this unhappy Delusion, I thought my self at liberty to make use of those faculties and abilities which God Almighty had given me, impiously presuming that he had given them me for the same purpose; I do hereby publickly, solemnly, and totally renounce, retract, abjure, and forever disclaim the aforesaid damnable Doctrines and Opinions; and I do most humbly intreat the Convocation to pardon (if it be venial) this great and heinous Offence, faithfully promising that I will for the future conform my self to all their Doctrines, Opinions, Declarations, Interpretations, and Decisions whatsoever, however seemingly unjust in themselves, or palpably contradictory to each other, in defiance of my own Reason and private Judgment, as becomes a

good Churchman, and a strenuous Contender for the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

N. AMHURST.

Having made this ample Recantation, I expect from henceforward to be look'd upon and treated as a sound *Believer*, and to reap all the Privileges and Advantages which belong to that glorious Character; I expect that nobody will think the worse of me, if I loosen a little the Reins of my Life, since I have straiten'd those of my Faith; and if I should be accidentally caught tripping in any of the modish Frailties of Flesh and Blood, that I may be excus'd, as other great and orthodox Sinners have been, in this kind manner; *Well, well, for all that, the young Man has sound Principles, and hates the Bishop of Bangor.*

I cannot forbear mentioning, upon this occasion, that my present happy Conversion is in a great measure owing to the late ingenious Writings of the
Reve-

Reverend Dr. *H---re*, which make the deeper Impression upon me, because he was once in the same Errors with myself, tho' he has not thought fit to retract them *formally* as I have done: but as I have now listed myself under him, I hope no body will be surpriz'd if I should tack about again, provided the *irresistible Importunities* of Self-interest and the Convocation should make it necessary; being convinc'd that *Occasional Conformity* is not a Doctrine belonging to *one* sett of Men only, but that it is grown consistent with the Characters of our best *Churchmen*.

Thus have I reconcil'd myself to the Church again; and to convince you that I sincerely believe you enter'd unwillingly into the measures of my Exclusion, give me leave to acquaint the World with what, I have heard, you were pleased to do in my favour.

I am informed, and pretty credibly too, that when Complaints began to multiply and grow loud against me, you did, in your great Goodness, con-
descend

descend to write a Letter to a certain reverend Relation of mine, to acquaint him with my Behaviour, and the Character I labour'd under, desiring at the same time his Advice *what to do with me*; and that you put it in his Power to keep me in my Fellowship, or to turn me out of it. What was the Consequence is well enough known: but I must observe that this Procedure was, tho' honestly and candidly designed, very inconsistent with Truth and Justice: for if, by my Conduct, I did either actually deserve, or, in your Conscience, seem'd to deserve, what I have since suffer'd, I ought to suffer it, whether the *usual* Tendernefs of a near Relation interceded in my behalf or not; and, on the other side, if I did not deserve it, neither ought I to have suffer'd it, tho' my *own Father* concurr'd in the Sentence against me. But I believe you were led into this, by your unwillingness to disoblige an old Friend who *keeps a good House*, and has *good Wine* in his Cellar.

I am

I am farther informed that you have since waited upon this reverend Gentleman, to notify unto him what was done against me, and how loth you were to comply with it upon his account; and that you found him so perfectly satisfied with your Conduct, and so inveterately enrag'd against me, that he declar'd in the most ungentle manner, *He car'd not what became of me.* Hei mihi!

As you are a Person of great Candour, and equal Integrity, I will charitably suppose that you play'd no false Play; but that you used no unjust Arts to rob me of the Affections of so *valuable* a Friend; but that you represented my Case to him in the fairest and most impartial manner: I will suppose this, tho' I have been told to the contrary.

If you dealt honestly with me, and honourably with him, you assured him that it was solely on account of my obnoxious Opinions that I lost my Fellowship; or that, if you aggravated my bad Principles with bad Practices,
you

you assur'd him you never did nor ever will admit so *immoral* a Person as my self into *your* College whilst you *govern* it: if you did thus, no doubt you will stand by it, and then I will acquit you with all my Heart.

The pravity and sinfulness of my Opinions I have sufficiently confess'd and repented of in my Recantation; and as for Morality, I hope no body can charge me with violating that part of it which relates to *Friendship, Honour, and common Honesty*; if I have been less careful of that, which injures my self only, it is a frailty that is common to Humanity, and almost inseparable from it: perhaps I now and then *take my Glass too freely*, or *kiss a pretty Woman in a Corner*; but I pay *my Debts* honestly, and *defraud no body*. I wish I had not, at this time, instances before my Eyes of Men most notoriously guilty of *dishonest, knavish Immorality*; which, in my Creed, is much the worse of the two.

I know a certain Person in the world, who was left *Guardian* to a young Woman, who is since married; and tho' the greatest Importunity has been made, for above *four* Years, to get her Fortune out of the Hands of this *unjust Steward*, yet all has proved ineffectual: What makes this piece of Barbarity still more barbarous, is, that her Husband was a young Man and a *Tradesman* then just set up; so that the Money would have been of the greatest Advantage to him; and this fraudulent Detention of it has already prov'd of the greatest Disadvantage. I do not design to point out the Person now, because I hope he will take this Hint and pay the Money; otherwise I am resolv'd to set forth all the Circumstances, and produce him publickly, even tho' he should be found (which God forbid!) within your own Walls. He is a Person long since *infamous* for such inhuman Practices.

But to return to my dear self once more. I have indeed been a very naughty Boy; but, in my Lay-Opinion,

nion, I have done pretty ample Penance for all my Offences: I have lost a *good* Fellowship, and (which was much more valuable to me) your *good Opinion*; my Enemies insult my Misfortunes, and even my Friends blame my Imprudence for bringing them upon my self; the *first* look upon me as a Bigot to the *worst* of Principles; and the *last* as a Betrayer of the *best*, by maintaining them in too great a Latitude, and with too much Openness: These *pity* me, and those *despise* me; nay (to tell you a Secret) I began to despise my self, 'till I had made *my Peace* again with the Church.

I was particularly unfortunate in the Displeasure of a *pretty female Relation*, who (upon hearing that I was *expell'd* from the *University*; for that is our Country Phrase) exclaim'd with some Vehemence, that she was sorry I should bring such a Disgrace upon the FAMILY! Now as I ought to be as much concern'd for the Honour of the AMHURSTIAN Family as this fair Lady; I have

seriously taken it into my Consideration, how my *Exclusion* could possibly bring any Disgrace upon it; and after Examination find quite the contrary to what this fair Kinswoman of mine implicitly alledges to be true: for

1. The Honour of our House is so well established by our Predecessors, who (it is well known) were Heroes, and Patriots, and Lovers of their Country in the worst of Times, and knock'd down Giants, and slew Dragons; that it is out of the Power of any of its corrupt Descendants to bring any real Disgrace upon it.

2. Lord have Mercy upon many of the noblest Families in *England*, if the Vices of the present Generation are any Blots to the original Stock it self.

3. On the contrary, supposing I have degenerated from the Virtues I am Heir to; yet my *Exclusion*, instead of bringing a Disgrace upon my Family, is the best Justification of it. I would ask any reasonable Christian, whether the Fall of the Apostate Angels brought any Dis-

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 grace upon the *Angelick Family*? Or whether it would not have rather seem'd a Disgrace to it, if they had not fell. Thus, had I continued in the high and eminent Station of a Fellow of St. JOHN'S College in OXFORD, I might indeed have brought Disgrace upon my Family; but being cast down from thence, into the low and groveling Condition, in which I now am, it is impossible for me to do it, and my *worthy* Relations need be under no Apprehensions upon my account.

Your Goodness, Sir, will pardon this Digression, and will not, I believe, think it wholly impertinent: but you will observe, how apt Authors are to contradict themselves; I set out with assuring you, that I would not, like other Dedicators, make you any Compliments; and yet, by confessing such an heap of Iniquities, have I made you the greatest Compliment that the most fulsome Wretch in this Art could possibly invent. How much ought that Man to be respected (especially by the *Clergy* and the *Ladies*)

Ladies) who remov'd such a Nuisance out of a polite and christian Society?

But I must complain of one thing; whether reasonably or not, let the World judge: when I was voted out of your College, and the Nuisance was thereby remov'd; I thought the Resentments of the *holy ones* would have proceeded no farther; I am sure the Cause of Virtue and sound Religion (which I was thought to offend) required no more; nor could it be of any possible Advantage to the Church to descend into my private Affairs, and stir up my Creditors in the University to take hold of me at a Disadvantage, before I could get any Money return'd to pay 'em; but there are some Persons in the World, who think nothing unjust or inhuman in the Prosecution of their implacable Revenge.

As this is a very material Circumstance of my Life, and of the temper of *some others*, I will give the Reader a short account of this matter truly and impartially, as I will attest it upon my Honour

Honour or my Oath, if so vile a Fellow may be believ'd in either.

I was dismiss'd from College on *Monday* the 29th of *June*; the next Day I went fourteen or fifteen Miles into *Berkshire* to see a Relation, where I staid till the *Friday* following: I had before sent for Money to discharge all my Debts at OXFORD, being surpriz'd of the Design of turning me out of College. On *Saturday* Morning Mr. *W.* my Mercer called upon me at my Lodgings, and ask'd me how long I should stay in Town; I answer'd, 'till I receiv'd a Bill for Money to pay what I owed there, and no longer. He went away seemingly well satisfy'd, and neither ask'd me for Money, nor deliver'd me his Bill, nor indeed had he written it out: but when I came home to my Lodgings at Night, the Chamberlain told me that Mr. *Cox* the Sergeant had enquir'd for me. The next Morning I sent for him, and desired to know his Business, and he told me he had a Writ against me

me at the Suit of Mr. *W.* but it being *Sunday* did not serve it. By this time I had receiv'd a Note for Money payable at Sight, which (as things it seems were order'd) brought me Liberty along with it. I then waited upon Mr. *W.* and enquir'd of him the Reason of such uncommon a Proceeding. In answer to which, with the utmost Confusion and Marks of Sorrow, he told me that he was instigated to it by *Persons of my own College*, who assured him, that if he ever expected his Money, he must arrest me immediately; for, said they, he will go off privately to morrow morning, will pay no body, nor will ever be heard of again, for he designs to *go into the Army*; which you know, Sir, at OXFORD, signifies the same as running away. I shew'd him my Note, and offer'd to leave it with him, which he refused, desiring to be forgiven this rash and silly Action in the most passionate manner; he profess'd that he had rather have cut off his right Hand than have
done

done it, and was overjoy'd that the Writ was not serv'd, with much more to the same effect; and often repeated it, that he should never have done it, if *some Persons of my own College* had not urged him to it.

Herein again, Sir, I perfectly acquit you, well knowing that you have too much Humanity and Good-Nature to be engag'd in so mean-spirited an Action; your Friendship for the Reverend Gentleman my Relation, whom I just now mention'd, would not have suffer'd you to do it, were there no other Motive: but besides that, I am confident you are too well acquainted with the World, not to know that if *every one* were to be served in the same rigid manner, they might not come off quite so well as I did.

Now I am making my Complaints to you, another thing comes into my Head, which I think very hard, if it be true.

I am told that you had Information of some of the most material Secrets of
my

my Life, from a *Quarter*, where you ought least to *expect*, or I to *fear* it. I could not suspect the Person, I mean, to be capable of such disingenuous Dealing; neither did I suspect that I had any Enemy in the World, who would stoop so low as to encourage it. But what shall we say? *Birds of a Feather*, &c. says a good old Proverb.

It is some Consolation to me under all my Misfortunes, that I am not the only Person, who has suffer'd for heterodox Opinions in OXFORD; I have seen with my own Eyes many a young Fellow deny'd his *Degree* upon this Account; I have seen them hated, calumniated and insulted in the most discouraging manner; some have been expell'd before *me*, and we have one remarkable instance since, how zealous the reverend HEADS of Colleges are to pluck up *Heresy* by the Roots, and purge away the last Dregs of those pernicious Principles which must otherwise end in the Ruin of the *best constituted Church in the World*.

You, Sir, in a particular manner deserve our Thanks, for your many strenuous Pulpit-Attacks upon those two troublesome *Heresiarchs*, *common Sense* and the Bishop of B---r: I do not mention *common Honesty*, tho' he is sorely suspected of Ill-will to the Church, because he has not as yet been formally excommunicated;

Quod diu multumque desideratum.

I hope what I have said is sufficient to vindicate my self from a Report, that I am the Author of a late scandalous Libel, called, *A Letter from a Student in Grubstreet to a Reverend High-Priest and Head of a College in OXFORD, &c.* which, some People, suppos'd. was le-
yell'd at you: I protest to you, Doctor, with one Hand laid orthodoxly upon my Heart, and both my Eyes strain'd up to Heav'n in a very religious manner, that *I know nothing of the matter*; nay, I would swear it, were I not well assur'd that no body will presume to question
the

the bare Word of one who liv'd *three* Years (under the Influence of your good Example) in a College where *Lying* and *false Witness* are so exemplarily punish'd and discourag'd.

I am glad to hear that strict Enquiry is made after the Author and Printer of that villainous Libel, and that the Prosecution of them is undertaken by such able Hands as that eminent Bibliopole, the worthy Mr. *J---b B---y--r*, and the Right Reverend -----

Let me conclude with assuring you that however despicably you may think of me, I will still retain the same good Opinion of you, that I ever had, and will not fail to pay my Respects to you whenever an Opportunity offers; nay, I will frame Opportunities on purpose, rather than be wanting in this particular.

That you may long live a Pattern of Learning and Piety to our famous University; that St. JOHN'S College may long enjoy so faithful a Steward and indulgent a Father; that as a Re-

ward for your Virtues, you may taste all the good things of this World, and late, (ah! very late) receive the *Fruits of your Labours* in another, is the constant and hearty Prayer of,

Reverend Sir,

Your most oblig'd,

most obedient,

most devoted, and

most grateful, humble Servant,

N. AMHURST,



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THE
MOSAICAL
CREATION,
*A Paraphrase on the first Chapter
of Genesis.*



IN the dark Backward of six thousand years,
(So *Moses* writes and all our christian Seers)
The World, a rude, unfashion'd *Embryo* lay,
Eternal Night, without a glimpse of Day,
Earth, seas, and heaven, in one blind *Chaos* thrown,
And years, and months, and days, were names unknown,
'Till God mark'd out th' interminable space,
And stamp'd Creation on the formless mass;

Wide o'er the Void his genial Wings he spread,
 And entity uprear'd its infant head ;
 Prone to her center sunk the earth below,
 And o'er her face the rising Waters flow.

Let there be Light, said God ; and sudden light
 Sprung from the Deep, and burst the womb of night ;
 Dreadful it gleam'd along the barren Waste,
Hell startled, and old *Chaos* stood aghast ;
 From the dusk gloom he call'd the chearful light,
 Prescrib'd it's bounds, and wing'd it for the flight.
 God saw, approv'd, and bless'd the spreading Ray :
 And the *first* Ev'ning clos'd the *first-created* Day.

Again th' Almighty said ; let us prepare
 A wide expanse of undulating Air ;
 And let it be, the Waters to remove
 Beneath the firmament, from those above ;
 He spoke benign ; and with his outstretch'd hand
 Establish'd the immutable command :

Forth-

Forthwith thin vapours from the gulph arise,
 Cloud after cloud, and thicken into Skies ;
 God saw and blest'd : while choral Angels play,
 And crown with joyful hymns the *second* Day.

Still was the earth in ambient oceans drown'd,
 Nor knew the waters their appointed bound :
 When thus again Heav'n's all-sufficient Lord
 Thro' the dark Void pronounc'd his pow'rful word ;
 Hear and obey, ye waters, that below
 The firmament in wild disorder flow ;
 Be gather'd into one capacious bed,
 And let *Dry-land* upheave her naked head ;
 Th'Almighty thus ; and sudden at the word,
 Obedient down the hills the torrents pour'd ;
 Thro' porous veins impetuous waters sweep,
 And headlong croud into a chrystal heap :
 Low sunk beneath the hollow'd earth provides
 An ample basin for the rushing tides.

Emerging hills, and broken rocks arise
 And lift their craggy summits to the skies.
 God saw it, and confirm'd the wise decree,
 He nam'd the Dry-land, Earth; the Waters, Sea;
 And said, let lusty verdure cloathe the earth,
 And let the fields conceive a various birth;
 Let tender Grass, and painted Flow'rs arise,
 And to the season trust their gaudy Dies;
 Let lofty Trees their shady honours spread,
 And fragrant Herbs perfume the springing Mead.

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the quick'ning ground
 Spontaneous smil'd, with vernal beauties crown'd:
 Flow'r, Herb, and Grass, arise; and o'er the Plain
 Mature for harvest waves the bearded grain;
 Unplanted trees drive deep their branching roots,
 Spread in the air, and bend with golden fruits.
 God saw it, that 'twas good, and bless'd it all,
 And the *third* day beheld the shadows fall.

Again,

Again, said God ; let radiant Orbs appear
Thro' the wide kingdoms of the Hemisphere;
Alternate day and darkness to divide,
And o'er the seasons of the year preside.

And God created two vast Orbs of light,
To bear dividual rule by day and night :
And first the Sun, an huge, unweildy sphere
He fixt aloft, to lead the circling year ;
To spread around his lustre, and bestow
Prolific influence on the world below.
To the bright Car he join'd the flaming horse,
Furnish'd with light ; and pointed out his course :
With gen'rous courage, from the barrier freed,
O'er the wide azure, bounds th' æthereal steed ;
'Till from afar he views the less'ning East,
And hastens down the ruddy-colour'd West ;
There forms, in halcyon waves, a downy bed,
To rest his weary limbs, and quench his burning head.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to him the silver Moon displays
 Her spotted Orb, and burns with fainter rays ;
 With level'd aspect views his golden urn,
 Feasts on his beams, and fills her famish'd horn ;
 Which the Almighty fashion'd, to preside
 O'er winds and waves, and rule the angry tide ;
 With spangling Stars to join her trembling light,
 And share the gloomy empire of the night :
 Of spangling Stars sprung forth, at his command,
 And roll'd their destin'd orbs, a num'rous band ;
 Darkness repuls'd, day scarce could night outvye,
 And on the World bestow a brighter sky.
 God saw, approv'd and bless'd what he had made,
 And the *fourth* day receiv'd the falling shade.

And God said ; let the fruitful Waters teem,
 And moving creatures glide thro' ev'ry stream ;
 Let feather'd Fowl thro' fluid kingdoms fly,
 And with their pinions fan the floating sky.

He spoke; and strait the pregnant Seas brought forth
 And ev'ry billow teem'd a scaly birth;
 The huge Leviathan from side to side
 Tumbled along, and flounc'd the thundering tide;
 On the smooth Calm the arching Dolphins play,
 And shape, in sportive chace, their liquid way.

While *Embryo* Fowl distend the tepid Shells,
 Mature for life, and burst their scanty cells;
 Or loosely rang'd, or firmly wedg'd they rise,
 A feather'd cloud, and blacken half the Skies.
 The strong-pounc'd *Eagle*, with unwearied sight,
 Tow'rs the bright sun to his meridian height.
 The elegiac *Nightingale* prepares
 Her ev'ning song, and sinks in solemn airs.
 The *Lark* melodious, poiz'd on level'd wings,
 Hangs in mid air, and brisker carols sings;
 Borne on the breeze her silver warblings float,
 And the Creator swells in ev'ry note.

The crested *Cock*, with a majestick mien,
 Pains his shril voice, and struts along the Green,
 With leathern oars the silver *Swan* divides
 The lake, and proudly o'er the mirrour rides.
 While that fair bird, whose varied plumes unfold
 Myriads of starry eyes, and gems of Gold,
 With conscious pride spreads forth his gorgeous train,
 And with brocaded Pinions sweeps the plain.
 God saw that it was good ; and, gracious, said,
 (In mantling thunder and in winds aray'd)
 Be fruitful, O ! ye creatures, that repair
 On painted Wings thro' Fields of buoyant Air ;
 Be fruitful, O ! ye creatures, that divide
 The restless Waves, and cleave the briny tide ;
 Female, and male increase ; with genial seed
 Replenish ev'ry stream, and multiply your breed.
 While yet he spoke, the youthful Sun descends,
 And the *fifth* day in gloomy darkness ends.

Once

Once more th' Almighty said ; let fruitful Earth
 Unfold her womb, and teem with num'rous birth :
 Let cattle in the field expect their food,
 And savage beasts frequent the lonely wood ;
 Let reptile animals, a minim race,
 And various insects swarm in ev'ry place.

Straitway the earth impregnated conceives,
 And the swol'n globe with num'rous offspring heaves ;
 The shaggy Lyon, and the bristled Boar
 Rise into life, and thro' the desert, roar ;
 The Ox and Tyger crowd the peaceful plain,
 And the fleet Courser shakes his flowing mane ;
 The vast Behemoth, of enormous size,
 Starts from the glebe, and rolls his glaring eyes ;
 * Behemoth, largest of all nature's race,
 With ribs of iron, and with nerves of brass ;

* Job 4. 15.

His loins are stronger than the temper'd mail,
And like a cedar moves his length of tail.

Still there remains, said God, the noblest part,
The boldest effort of *creating Art* :
After our likeness let us draw the plan,
And in our image build immortal *Man* ;
Man o'er the riches of the earth to reign,
Of trackless air, and vast unbounded main ;
Endow'd with reason, and a pow'r to Will,
Inclin'd to good, tho' not restrain'd from Ill.

And from the dust God shap'd the human frame,
And in his Nostrils breath'd the living flame ;
Female and Male he shap'd them ; to command
Earth, air and seas, and blest his righteous hand ;
The brute machine confess'd th' informing ray,
And infant Motion warm'd the struggling clay :
Wak'd into life, his eyes begin to roll,
His heart to beat, to meditate his soul ;

Erect to heav'n he lifts his ardent sight,
 Charm'd with those glorious orbs, and worlds of
 rolling light.

Female and Male God shap'd the human Frame

Incorporate, consubstantial, and the same ;
 In the Man's side, his consort, Woman, lay,
 Nor yet call'd forth to view the chearful day ;
 But *Adam* slept ; for God his eyelids press'd,
 And took the beauteous Female from his breast,
 From a stol'n *Rib* the shining creature rose,
 Fresh, fair, and spotless as the falling snows
 Sparkling and gay as the primæval light,
 Soft to the touch and lovely to the sight,
 With polish'd features, but an artless mind,
 Unequal fate ! to damn and bless Mankind.
 Like fragrant flowers she breath'd commanding love,
 And her eyes glitter'd, like the stars above,
 So charming was the Mother of our Race,
 That Angels gaz'd in transport on her Face.

When thus, in words which, loud as thunder, broke,
 Th' Almighty to his new *Vicegerent* spoke ;
 While list'ning Seraphs on each accent hung,
 And heav'ns high domes with hallow'd *Ios* rung.

“ Hail, thou great masterpiece of skill divine,
 “ In whom the features of thy Maker shine ;
 “ For thee alone this spacious globe was made,
 “ And the dark searchless plan of nature laid ;
 “ For thee the seasons and the year roll round,
 “ With beauteous flow'rs and plenteous harvests,
 crown'd ;
 “ The Wind, subservient to thy grandeur blows,
 “ Each tree bears fruit, and every river flows ;
 “ For thee is made, whatever may conduce
 “ To pleasure, profit, ornament and use ;
 “ Fish, Fowl and Cattle shall obey thy Word,
 “ And Woman own thee her despotick Lord.

Enrich'd

- “ Enrich’d with blessings mount thy earthly throne,
 “ Subject to thy Creator-God alone :
 “ Female and Male in nuptial bands be join’d,
 “ Preserve your image and improve your kind.

Thus spake and ceas’d the dread, omnific God,
 And up the Heav’n of Heav’ns triumphant rode,
 From whence reclin’d the new-born world he view’d,
 His handy labour, and pronounc’d it good ;
 The western Sun now shot a feeble light,
 And the *sixth* day was wrapt in shades of night.





The Destruction of PHARAOH
in the *Red Sea*.

*A Paraphrase on the fourteenth
Chapter of Exodus.*



Till unrelenting *Pharaoh's* heart remain'd,
And still the Tyrant in his bosom reign'd ;
Moses in vain out-stretch'd the sacred rod,
And *Israel* groan'd in bondage to their God,
The pow'rful arm of vengeance he defy'd,
Nor could repeated plagues unbend his pride :
With *Flies*, with *Hail* and *Fire* in vain he strove,
And noisome *Boils*, his stubborn heart to move ;

The waters roll'd along, a crimson flood,
 And *Nile* her guilty banks distain'd with blood;
Locusts the promise of the earth destroy,
 And *Frogs* and *Lice* his luxuries annoy,
 The grazing *Cattle* feel a sudden wound,
 Horse, Sheep and Camel press th'unwholesom ground,
 Thro' *Egypt's* coasts the black'ning clouds arise,
 And darkness, *to be felt*, involves the skies :
 But still he trifled with divine command,
 And scoff'd indignant heav'n's avenging hand ;
 At length th' Almighty gave th' unwilling stroke
 To wrest his *Chosen* from the painful yoke ;
 Throughout the land, each softer method try'd,
 Of man and beast the guiltless *Firstborn* dy'd,
 Alike the court and dungeon mourn'd his hate ;
 Not *Pharaoh's* heir escap'd the common fate ;
 From every part promiscuous cries were heard,
 Horror and universal grief appear'd,
 And sudden *Moses* and his God were fear'd :

Ev'n *Pharaoh* trembled at the direful ill,
 And wish'd to conquer his obdurate will ;
 Benumb'd the *Tyrent* stood with sullen dread;
 And thus to *Moses* and to *Aaron* said:

- " To *Canaan* hence, your promis'd land, depart,
 " Your God at length has quite unman'd my heart ;
 " Some power unknown seems whisp'ring in my ear,
 " My thoughts are rouz'd and I begin to fear ;
 " Wherefore no longer to our ruin stay,
 " And with you bear your flocks and herds away ;
 " Be gone this very Night, with all your Host,
 " And quit for ever this unhappy coast,
 " If aught be wanting, e'er you quit the land,
 " Or gold or raiment, ask it from our hand : '
 " Go, serve that God, whose wondrous works we see,
 " And oh ! derive his blessing upon me ;
 " Go, e're it yet repent me of your flight,
 " And my Breast harden with returning light,

“ Go, lest some greater ill we yet endure :

“ Enough already, we confess his pow’r !

His pressing words the reverend prophets heard,
 And bowing from his presence disappear’d,
 The pleasing news at *Goshen* they relate,
 And bear the tidings of a better fate :
 The *Israelite*, from servitude releas’d,
 Which long had chas’d all comfort from his breast;
 Exults triumphant with a keen delight,
 And speeds to *Canaan* his immediate flight ;
 With flocks and herds, as sacred annals say,
 The joyful thousands journey on their way ;
 In awful pomp, the Guardian of their flight,
 An Angel rides before by day and night,
 By turns in darkness seen and splendid light :
 High on a Car of fire thro’ desert sands,
 Or a wing’d cloud he leads the rescued Bands.

Mean while the Tyrant's haughtiness return'd;
 And in his breast rekindling fury burn'd,
 Soon he repented of his coward grace,
 And vow'd revenge on *Israel's* hated race,
 Each soft Idea perish'd in his mind,
 And left gygantic pride and rage behind,
 With num'rous armed Hosts, in dread array,
 Wrathful he now pursues them on their way.

When *Israel* heard of their approaching foes,
 Unrighteous fears in ev'ry tent arose,
 Thro' devious, lonely wilds they march along,
 A restless, tim'rous and repining throng,
 At length the streights of *Chiroth* they obtain,
 For so did heav'n by * stratagem ordain.

To stop their flight the Ocean roll'd before,
 And foam'd in thundering volumes to the shore,

* See the second verse of this Chapter.

On either hand the tow'ring hills arose,
 And close behind advanc'd their vengeful foes;
 With foes, with hills and seas, begirt around,
 And danger threat'ning their ill-omen'd ground,
 " Do we for this, dismay'd with fear, they cry,
 " From *Pharaoh*, *Egypt*, and from Bondage, fly?
 " And come we hither then to meet our doom,
 " To make this desert our inglorious tomb?
 " Better, say they, in *Egypt* to remain,
 " And patient wear the raging tyrant's chain,
 " Better to crouch beneath oppressive hate,
 " And all the hardship's of a servile state,
 " Than to fall victims by his powerful hand,
 " And with our blood enrich the thirsty sand.

Thus *Israel* plain'd, and *Moses* thus reply'd,
 " Hush'd be your fears and let your doubts subside,
 " Secure in God, for your salvation trust,
 " And still believe him to his promise just,

- “ Ev’n now his thoughts with your deliverance teem,
 “ Intent his favourite people to redeem,
 “ This day you will behold his rising might,
 “ How wise in council, and how strong in fight,
 “ This day the proud *Aegyptian* he o’erthrows,
 “ And works the tardy vengeance on his foes ;
 “ Go on, as void of danger, void of fear,
 “ Nor let one causeless Jealousie appear,
 “ Cease, cease at length, ungrateful to complain
 “ Of his injustice, who relieves your pain,
 “ With faithful hopes expect the promis’d coast,
 “ Since heav’n, propitious heav’n conducts your host.

He spoke and rais’d to heav’n his ardent eye,
 Indulgent heav’n receiv’d the prophet’s cry,
 And thus he answer’d : “ With a pow’rful hand
 “ Far o’er the seas stretch forth thy gifted wand,
 “ When strait th’obedient waters shall dispart,
 “ And wave from wave with sudden terror start,

“ Rear’d

“ Rear’d up in heaps the billows shall be seen,

“ And rolling leave a level space between,

“ Thro’ which my chosen *Israelites* shall go,

“ And lead to ruin the revengeful foe.

Dreadful he spoke, and nodded from his throne ;

Doubling thro’ air the menial thunders groan,

And trembling earth and heav’n th eternal God-
head own.

Moses obey’d the dictate of his God,

And o’er the billows stretch’d his awful rod,

From right to left the trembling seas divide,

And rise a lympid wall on either side,

And see ! between, to patronize their flight,

An *Area* opens to the wond’ring sight,

While *Israel’s* chosen tribes, a lengthening train,

Securely pass the intermediate plain,

Pharaohs

Pharaoh pursu'd with unrelenting Hate,
 In all his dreadful tyranny and state ;
 But now behold and fear almighty pow'r,
 Behold the vengeance of one fatal hour !

Moses again outstretch'd his rod from shore,
 The Winds are hush'd, returning waters roar,
 The following Hosts in whelming oceans sleep,
 And horse and horseman perish in the deep.

Then might you see, in all his gorgeous pride,
 Great *Pharaoh* struggling with the stubborn tide,
 Then might you hear him curse his fate in vain,
 His pride, ambition and oppressive reign,
 Too late remorse upbraids his tortur'd soul,
 And booming o'er his head the billows roll.

The sons of *Israel* from the banks ador'd
 The mighty vengeance of their heav'nly Lord,

His

His Pow'r with joy and wonder they confess'd,
 And faith reviv'd in ev'ry glowing breast,
 To heav'n the shouts of gratitude they raise,
 And the wide plains resound with hymns of praise.



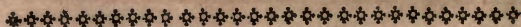
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IT is fabulouſly reported, that Sir *Thomas White* (ſometime Lord Mayor of *London*) having been informed in a Dream, that he ſhould found a College for the Education of Youth in Religion and Learning, where *Three* ſeveral Trunks iſſued from *One* Root; came to *Oxford*; and finding ſomething like his Dream near *Gloſter-Hall*, began to build there; but meeting afterwards with three Trees near *St. Bernard's* College, which more directly answered to it, left off building at *Gloſter-Hall*; and purchaſed Ground, and endowed a College there by the Name of *St. John Baptist College*. The very ſame Trees (as they tell you) ſcarce at all decay'd in ſo many Years, are ſtill to be ſeen there, and particularly reſpected by the Preſident and Fellows.

Vid. Plot's Nat. Hiſt. of Oxfordſh.





THE
 LEGEND:
 A
 POEM
 TO THE
 MEMORY
 OF

Sir *THOMAS WHITE*,

Founder of *St. John's College* in *Oxford*.

— Καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἔστιν. *Hom. II.*
For God is also in sleep and dreams advise,
Which he has sent propitious, some great good
Prefaging. Milton Par. Lost.



Ail to the Man, whom sacred thirst of fame

Amongst the stars enroll'd a shining name!

In whose great soul *Apollo* fix'd his seat,

And exil'd virtue found a safe retreat:

E

Who,

Who, only to exhaust, increas'd his store,
And spar'd himself, that he might give the more !

Say, Muse, how still his sacred ashes live,
And o'er the triumphs of the grave survive :
What blessings stream'd from his indulgent Hand,
Like morning dews, and * spread o'er half the land :
How the big embryo's brooded in his mind,
And sleep confirm'd what heav'n and WHITE design'd.

Pardon, great Shade ! long since from earth retir'd,
The pious transport of a youth inspir'd :
Inspir'd to sing in unambitious lays,
A grateful tribute to his *Founder's* praise.

His virtues heav'n with vast abundance crown'd,
Industrious to diffuse his gifts around ;
Th'immortal Power well knew his boundless mind,
Whom to enrich was to enrich mankind.

* He was Benefactor to most of the Cities and Corporations in *England*.

With silent joy he saw his wealth increas'd,
 New plans of bounty forming in his breast;
 And with the same profusion it was giv'n,
 He lavish'd the benevolence of heav'n:
 Fortune disarm'd contracts a guiltless brow,
 Fore'd to a justice she repines to show:
 Pale want and hunger are in plenty lost,
 And charity shakes off her wonted frost.

Old ocean thus into his ample main
 Receives each circling river's copious train;
 Nor studious to extend his antient bounds,
 And whelm in roaring seas the frontier grounds,
 Thro' many a porous, subterranean cave
 Returns each supernumerary wave;
 Or pours it back in rich supplies of rain,
 To swell the redd'ning grape, and plump the teeming
 grain.

It chanc'd, when soft Favonian gusts untie
 The stiff'ned floods, and warm the frozen sky;
 When genial heats distil on every gale,
 And various *Flora* paints the blushing vale:
 The smiling season call'd our Hero forth,
 To view her op'ning blooms, and lab'ring earth:
 Silent he strays along the lonely mead,
 Where shrubs their aromatic fragrance bleed;
 His thoughts a while unbent from doing good,
 Wrapt in the murmurs of the vocal flood:
 When, faint with age, or sudden cares oppress'd,
 On the green herb he stretch'd his limbs to rest;
 Thick shades, obsequious to the call, arise,
 And a deep slumber seals his weary eyes,
 His fancy still awake; the roving guest
 Usurps the throne of reason in his breast:
 Forms great ideas, and religious schemes,
 A busy *mime*, and floats in golden dreams.

For see! thro' air an angel wings his flight,
 Shrin'd in a radiance of æthereal light;
 An olive wreath his flaming temples bound,
 Which seem'd to cast a breezy shade around :
 With wings expanded o'er the Hero's head,
 In words like these the glorious vision said.

“ Hail, pious Man! in ev'ry fortune prov'd
 “ Wife, good, and just; by God and man belov'd!
 “ Dispatch'd from heav'n I come; what I relate,
 “ Hear and believe, and speed the birth of fate.

“ Where the fam'd *Iffs* laves the verdant soil
 “ With fruitful streams, and crowns the farmer's toil;
 “ Sacred to learning sumptuous domes arise,
 “ And heave their hoary summits to the skies :
 “ Amid these rev'rend piles, the seats of worth,
 “ An elm luxuriant lifts her triple birth;

“ Which

" Which heav'n industrious planted, to withstand
 " The rage of time, and mock his iron hand :
 " In comely rank the sister trees upshoot,
 " Share the same vital sap and parent root.
 " There shalt thou build (for so hath heav'n decreed ;
 " As heav'n enjoins, he will reward the deed)
 " A stately dome, majestic to the sight,
 " And solid stone shall bear its quadrate height :
 " There infant bards shall try the golden lyre,
 " And soften into sound the jarring wire :
 " There shall the Muse essay her tender wings
 " In humble strains, and tremble as she sings ;
 " Till, by degrees embolden'd to the flight,
 " She soars on high, and gains a loftier height.
 " From thence shall flow a venerable race,
 " Vers'd in each art, and form'd with ev'ry grace :
 " Men turn'd to serve in all degrees of life,
 " To limit laws, or quell seditious strife ;
 " To guard the Church, or sway a stormy State,
 " For pious counsels fam'd, and cool debate :

" Who

" Who fond and studious of the public weal,
 " Shall serve their country with an ardent zeal;
 " With native freedom bold, despise the rage,
 " Of daring frenzy, and a rebel age.

" Haste then, great Man, to act as heav'n decreed,
 " And to late times transmit the godlike deed:
 " Let the high dome, immortaliz'd to fame,
 " Worthy the *Baptist*, bear the *Baptist's* name.

So spake the vision, and resumes the skies,
 While downy sleep forsakes the Hero's eyes:
 Still, lost in extasy, he seems to hear;
 Still the soft accents murmur in his ear;
 Still glow'd his breast, with deep attention charm'd;
 Still throb'd his heart, with pious ardour warm'd;
 His inmost soul with eager glory fir'd,
 Resolv'd to execute what heav'n inspir'd:
 The great foundation grows his hourly theme,
 And rising roofs confess the golden dream.



UPON THE
 D E A T H
 O F
 Mr. *A D D I S O N*.

Inscrib'd to the
 EARL of *WARWICK*.



F yet, my Lord, your sorrows find relief,
 And a short pause succeeds your weighty
 grief;

With candour this unwelcome verse peruse,
 The last kind office of a grateful Muse:
 Nor needs the grateful Muse to court thy ear,
 Which sheds for *A D D I S O N* a pious tear;
 And jointly sorrows, with pathetic rage,
 The greatest genius of the greatest age,

Whom

Whom rival-wits with veneration name,
And the foul lips of party durst not blame.

What secret curse attends the Poet-line?
How have the Muses urg'd the wrath divine?
Say, holy Sires, is poetry a crime?
Or whence these judgments on the sons of rhyme?
Why are the noblest spirits snatch'd away
In their full blaze of intellectual day,
While crouds of worthless drones are left behind,
Grown white with years, the lumber of mankind,
That loll, fat Canons, in some lazy stall,
Or thoughtless sleep within a College wall?
To its full length they stretch the mortal span,
Nor lose a moment of the age of man;
But dully dreaming out their vital store,
Drop ripe into their graves, and are no more.

Scarce have our tender sorrows ceas'd to flow
For courtly GARTH, and soft-complaining ROWE,

Like OVID witty one; in one conspire
 OTWAY's prevailing art, and LUCAN's fire:
 Both these together drain'd our lavish eyes;
 Will not *two* Poets in a year suffice?
 Shall twelve short months an age's woes ingross,
 And ADDISON compleat the Nation's loss?

Who then in manly numbers shall record
 The future, glorious deeds of BRUNSWICK's sword?
 Who now correct the follies of the age,
 Or give new lustre to the *British* stage?
 With foreign stores enrich his native land,
 Or deign to youthful Bards his willing hand?

Great as he was, the Monarch of the Bays,
 Plac'd far above the reach of mortal praise;
 In every thought tho' wit divine appear,
 Yet aw'd by modest dread and cautious fear,
 Seldom (too seldom!) did he put it forth,
 Still most ambitious to conceal his worth;

Stunn'd with applauding crowds, he check'd his flight,
 And, wearied with admirers, fear'd to write;
 In his own praise he felt a painful shame,
 And blush'd at the abundance of his fame.

So the fair virgin with confusion hears
 Her charms extoll'd, and shuts her tortur'd ears;
 From the encomiums of the youth she flies,
 And strives to hide the lustre of her eyes.

From this great master of poetick art,
 Ye num'rous Bards that swarm in ev'ry part,
 And with laborious nonsense load the press,
 Learn to contemplate more, and scribble less:
 Learn, from this great example, to command
 Your thirst of fame, and stop an itching hand;
 Think not that wit in bulky volumes lies,
 (Alas! what witless volumes daily rise.)
 Oft is it wanting in a thousand lines,
 And often in a single couplet shines,

While others on a part of learning dwell,
Proud in one single science to excel;
And as the scatter'd Stars adorn the sky,
In diff'rent arts their diff'rent talents try;
Nor aim at more; great ADDISON alone,
No branch of human knowledge left unknown;
But like the Sun inimitably bright,
Shone with collected rays, the source of light;
In verse or prose, with more than mortal art,
He struck the passions, and he warm'd the heart:
Various, but still unrival'd, was his song,
Now soft like OVID, now like VIRGIL strong:
For ev'ry theme his genius was the same,
And each new Piece still added to his fame.

But whither is this boast of *Britain* fled?
Lies the great author of our glory dead?
Shall we, tormenting thought! expect in vain
A second CATO or a new CAMPBAIN?

Why

Why did not gracious heav'n prolong his date,
 And shield him from the rage of envious fate?
 Why did th'Almighty trust this common good
 To the frail elements of flesh and blood;
 Expos'd to ills, and subject to decay,
 The feeble short-liv'd creature of a day?
 Why was his life not boundless as his mind,
 To bless the future ages of mankind?

But Heav'n, to punish our repeated crimes,
 Call'd him from earth to breathe in happier climes:
 For now in the gay mansions of the skies
 (If there the promis'd land of glory lies)
 With kindred Bards that liv'd in earliest days,
 The rev'rend Fathers of harmonious lays,
 He joins his tuneful voice; his lyre he strings;
 And MARO listens whilst his rival sings,
 Great SOMERS fixes on his well known face,
 And CATO greets him with a stern embrace.



T A R Q U I N

A N D

L U C R E C E.

Address'd to a young LADY in *Oxford*,
who had been ravish'd.



O Dames who in strict virtue glory,
In antient or in modern story;
The fam'd LUCRETIA bears the bell,
An arrant prude, as authors tell;
So squeamish, fanciful and nice,
She startled at the thought of vice;
For having once, *against her will*,
And with a Prince, committed ill;
Possess'd with strange romantic pride,
She stab'd her self, forsooth, and dy'd;

For she would no example give,
 For future prostitutes to live:
 (Lord help her! if the sex will sport,
 They never want *examples* for't.)
 This feat of hers alarm'd the age,
 And set the Nation in a rage;
 Each Roman Cit was seiz'd with dread,
 Thought the horns sprouting on his head;
 With doubts and jealousies perplext,
 Lest his own turn should be the next:
 And therefore all resolve as one,
 To rout both father and the son;
 Bad you may think was TARQUIN's case;
 Him they expel and all his race,
 His name and ev'n the name of kings,
 (For Rapes were then no trivial things)
 The state grew popular and common,
 And all by one poor filly woman.

But

But tho' this deed in former days
 Procur'd our Madam wond'rous praise;
 Yet let not any modern beauty
 Hence rashly judge that 'tis her duty,
 For ev'ry little breach of honor,
 To take LUCRETIA'S airs upon her;
 (For in this strict religious season,
 Such cautions can't be void of reason)
 In ancient times the Roman Dame,
 To save her virtue and her fame,
 According to the *Pagan* Creed,
 Might do a meritorious deed;
 She might —— but in a *Christian* Nation
 Self *murther's* worse than *violation*.



CATULLUS imitated. *Ep. 7.*

Quæris quot mihi Basiationes.



N vain, my gentle Charmer, you inquire

How many thousand kisses I desire;

Say first, how many sands the shores contain,

And drop by drop the boundless Ocean drain,

Count all the Stars that gild the silent night,

And glitter, conscious of each stol'n delight:

Count all the leaves, that on ten thousand trees

Tremble, obedient to the morning breeze:

Count all the courtiers arts, the tradesman's lies,

The miser's wishes, and the lover's sighs,

Then will I tell thee, nor till then inquire

How many thousand kisses I desire;

Scarce will Arithmetick the sum explain,

Millions on millions multiply'd in vain.



CATULLUS imitated. *Ep. 5.*



While life, my dear, remains, enjoy thy charms,
 And deaf to censure, take me to thy arms;
 The evening Sun descends into the main,
 And sets, to rise with brighter beams again;
 The Lilly folds her beauties up at night,
 And opens fairer to the morning light:
 But you, to charm no more, resign your breath,
 And sleeping moulder in eternal death;
 For a few years the vital oil may burn,
 And to your native nothing you return:
 Wherefore let's love this fleeting life away,
 And laugh at what ill-natur'd Churchmen say:
 O let me on thy panting breast recline,
 And press my burning, humid lips to thine;

A thousand kisses let me first implore,
 And after them a thousand thousand more;
 A thousand thousand let me still repeat,
 Till my joys grow as numberless as great,
 Till envious tongues in their account are crost,
 And magick in her secret art is lost.



CATULLUS to Himself.



Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire.

AT length, CATULLUS, give thy follies o'er,
 Nor vainly wish lost pleasures to restore;
 Thou hast indeed been blest with golden days,
 And Suns have rose with more auspicious rays,
 While frequently thy lov'd one thou didst see,
 More lov'd, than any other shall, by me.

All then was mirth, and joy succeeding joy,
 For ever new, nor was thy charmer coy:
 Your sighs she heard, was to your wishes kind,
 And to your will she constantly resign'd:
 Then wast thou blest indeed with golden days,
 Then the Suns rose with more auspicious rays:
 But since the false one thy embraces flies,
 Do thou condemn the joy, which she denies,
 Court not against her will the servile kiss,
 Nor in a fickle woman place thy bliss:
 Turn from thy manly breast the faithless dame,
 Assert thy freedom, and subdue thy flame.
 'Tis done, my childish follies I give o'er,
 Adieu, vain thing! CATULLUS sighs no more,
 No more to thee he sighs, nor tamely sues,
 For what, in scornful pride, thou dost refuse,
 But thou shalt mourn thy own perverse disdain,
 And long to feel me in thy arms, in vain;
 For, what new joys our raptures will succeed?
 Who now submissive at thy feet will bleed?

Who after me thy fading charms admire?
 Whom wilt thou chuse to quench thy raging fire?
 Whose lips with eager kisses wilt thou bite,
 And in whose arms enjoy the luscious night?
 For now my childish follies I give o'er,
 Adieu, vain thing! CATULLUS sighs no more.



On the IMAGES of the NINE
 LEADEN MUSES upon the new
 Printing-House in *Oxford*.

An EPIGRAM.



N Oxford crouds of stupid bards are found,
 Where of all places bright ones should
 abound;

Dull plodding blockheads, without sense or fire,
 Toil hard for fame and to the Bays aspire:

From deep Logicians shallow Wits commence,
 Old dogs at rhyme, no matter for the sense.
 If the lines flow but smooth, and jingle well,
 The man's a poet, and his verses sell;
 Nor is it strange, but rightly weigh the thing,
 That our soft bards so indolently sing,
 Or that the genius of the place is dead,
 When our inspiring Muses breathe in *Lead*:
 High on the stately dome, with Harp in hand,
 Their lumpish Deities exalted stand,
 Fix'd as a publick mark, that all might know,
 What wretched heavy stuff they print below.





CATULLUS imitated. *Ep.* 58.



LOE, dear JACK, that once victorious
name,

CLOE, the object of my raging flame,
Whom I did more than life or friendship prize,
In *Fleetstreet* now, a common strumpet, plies,
Turns up to ev'ry puppy in the town,
And claps the *Temple* rake for half a crown.





On the SAME.



LOE, as soon as she has plaid the whore,
Repents the deed, and vows to do't no
more,

With the next man she meets, to cure her pain,
She breaks her vow, repents, and vows again;
Breaks it again, so yielding is the dame,
And does the next day and the next the same;
Or keep thy vows, frail nymph, or vow no more,
Cease to repent, or cease to play the whore.
Plain *fornication* is a venial evil,
But *perjury* leads headlong to the Devil.





On the Tenth of June.



F fame says true, on this auspicious morn
A beggar, coward, and a fool was born;
By lazy, lineal right, three Crowns he
claims,

And cloaths his wand'ring friends with mimick names;
Proud of his fancied birth, he boasts his race;
And apes his mighty Sires in ev'ry grace.

With the first CH——s in bigotry he vies,
Fierce like the Second to the battle flies,
Like J——s he's gracious, and like A——A wife.





C U P I D match'd.



S from the honeycomb one day

Young C U P I D filch'd the sweets away,

Intent on the felonious wrong,

A watchful Bee his fingers stung.

Impatient of the smart and pain,

He frets, and puffs, and stamps in vain.

To V E N U S, in a rage, he flies,

And sniv'ling, see mamma, he cries,

What mischief lurks in little things,

A scurvy Bee this torment brings:

Shall such vile insects, quoth the boy,

The pleasures of a God destroy?

While thus with peevish rage he burn'd,

The Goddess, with a smile, return'd.

Cease,

Cease, child, thy wonder at the hurtful Bee,
 A pow'r more hurtful is repos'd in thee;
 Like that fierce animal on slender wings,
 Thou roam'st abroad; thy arrows are thy stings:
 Tho' small thy stature seem, thy fatal darts
 Subdue almighty strength, and pierce immortal hearts.



To a LADY who said she would never marry a WHIG.

MUST BRUNSWICK and his friends for ever bear
 The keen resentments of the *British* fair?
 Still crown'd with glory, must he curse his fate,
 Fear'd by the world, expos'd to female hate?
 In vain, he boasts how firm his empire stands;
 How the world listens to his dread commands;
 Beneath his sword how many thousands fell;
 What boots dominion if the fair rebel?

To court their favour first deserves his care,
 No policies avail against the fair;
 To check their fury, all attempts are vain,
 Leagues have no power, and armies meet disdain.

Yet say, what virtue or superior grace,
 What hidden charm exalts the T O R Y race?
 The youthful W H I G, with as polite an air,
 Sings, dresses, dances, and gallants the fair;
 With the same scorching fires and nervous heats
 His pulses kindle, and his bosom beats;
 He loves as fiercely as the T O R Y swain,
 And burns with equal rage, tho' burns in vain.

Too rashly, fair one, you condemn our cause;
 And judge of our deserts by partial laws.
 Think not the W H I G, what falsely some pretend,
 To lawless rule and Anarchy a friend;
 Foe to the Church, of an abandon'd life,
 And a most horrid creature to his wife;

That with a double edge his tenets strike,
 And wound his Monarch, and his spouse alike;
 For tho' my soul despotick pow'r disdains,
 Yet gladly it submits to female chains;
 In love no freeborn liberties I crave,
 An humble, *passive, non-resisting*, slave.



CATULLUS imitated. *Ep. 84.*

CÆLIA and LAURA



CÆLIA to many does the VENUS seem,
 Of all the reigning nymphs near *Isis* stream,
 The toast of coxcombs, and the Poet's theme.

To me (th'impartial truth I will declare)
 Her eyes seem sprightly, her complexion fair,
 Plump are her limbs, majestick is her air.

And yet no VENUS is the buxom dame;
 Since nought divine informs her bulky frame,
 No charm to merit that illustrious name.

But

But LAURA is a VENUS in the whole,
 Whose lawful title no defects controul,
 Unblemish'd in her body and her soul.
 In her, a graceful shape, a comely mien,
 And all the charms of all the sex are seen;
 Still rising in her bloom; but just *eighteen*.



To a FRIEND in *London*.

WELL dost thou ask me in thy friendly lays,
 How in this factious place I spend my days;
 Why briefly thus; as is the modish way,
 Seldom I read, and much more seldom pray;
Logick I like not, that mechanick art,
 To prove the *whole* is greater than a *part*;
Divinity and *Law* alike displease;
 In short, I love my bottle and my ease;

The tenor of a College life I keep,
 Eat thrice a day, pun, smoke, get drunk, and sleep.

Never to love I tune my artless string,
 For to what she at *Oxford* shou'd I sing;
 Our first-rate Toasts, that sparkle at the ball,
 Scarce rise above the shopboard or the stall,
 A vulgar race — yet so confounded vain,
 They strut in tawdry filks and spurn at ev'ry swain:
 Wherefore some holy dotard let them wed,
 And take the rev'rend lumber to their bed;
 There let the Doctor, in a wanton mood,
 Drudge out the last dull spirits of his blood:
 For me, by heav'n, with some damn'd common dame,
 Sooner at *Wyburn's* wou'd I quench my flame;
 Take the lewd strumpet to my warm embrace,
 Than mix with such a scoundrel haughty race.

Oxon. Dec. 20th, 1718.



MAHOMET'S Kingdom.



ERE the sixth age the Christian Faith decreas'd,

And stubborn errors spread o'er all the East;

The *Judas* Priest, debauch'd with sensual pride,

Aspir'd to Empire which his Lord deny'd;

The Layman too, from present joys debarr'd,

Spurn'd at the promise of a late reward;

Which *Mahomet* observ'd, and in his mind,

The crafty *Kingdom of this world* design'd;

He saw how vain was all persuasive art,

The task how tedious to convince the heart;

In spite of Truth that heresies prevail'd,

That signs from heav'n and miracles had fail'd;

And

And boldly therefore, in th'Almighty's name,
 Arm'd with the sword and carnal weapons came;
 In fields of blood he prov'd his mission true,
 And who embrac'd not what he taught he flew;
 Nor was our Prophet wanting to delude
 The fearful, dull, believing multitude;
 To their own wish he fram'd his paradise,
 A courtly mansion of celestial vice;
 Fair virgins, purling brooks, and flow'ry shades;
 Delicious themes! for your *Arabian* blades.
 What airy *Belle*, or modish courtly Knight,
 Whom lewd intrigues and gallantry delight,
 Cou'd not with ease think that Religion good,
 Which courts his sense, appeals to flesh and blood?
 Thy wit we all, O *Mahomet*, applaud,
 Tho' heav'n commands us to detest the fraud;
 Wealth to thy sons on earth and pow'r is given,
 And after death a soft luxurious heaven.



CATULLUS imitated. *Ep. 81.*

BEfore her husband, LESBIA calls me names,
 And at the lewdness of the Town exclaims;
 This tickles the poor Cuckold to the life,
 And he thanks heav'n for such a virtuous Wife.
 Contented fool! — indeed you reason wrong,
 If she were virtuous, she would hold her tongue;
 Scandal and noise her virtue do not prove,
 But are the marks of unextinguish'd love;
 Still, in her veins, the wanton itch prevails,
 And, in the madness of her lust, she rails.



Warning to young married MEN.

Hilom in *Kent* there liv'd a jolly swain,
 Young *Colinet*, the genius of the plain;
 Sonnets he wrote, could sing and whistle
 well,

Crack witty jokes, and merry stories tell;
 At Wakes and Weddings always led the dance,
 And drew from every lass the wishful glance;
 Courteous he was, and skilful to persuade;
 Soon to his lures he won the Parson's maid;
 He married, and (O mournful to relate!)
 Grew a mere tyrant in the nuptial state;
 Assum'd dominion o'er his trembling wife,
 And prov'd a very husband all his life;

No more as once he charm'd her list'ning ear,
 Call'd her no more, *my honey*, and *my dear*;
 But daily, from his work returning home,
 With dreadful oaths and curses shook the room;
 To ev'ry humble question he'd reply
 You faucy B—tch, G—dd—n you, what care I?
 No answer would the frowning churl afford,
 But snapt the woman short at every word;
 When to the alehouse, from his pipe and pot
 She came to fetch the drunken midnight sot,
Out of the house, he cry'd, *be gone! away!*
 And reeling stammer'd in her ears, *obey!*
 Then shook the crabtree cudgel in his hand,
 The well-known ensign of his stern command.

Tir'd out at length with this vexatious course,
 And finding ev'ry day that it grew worse,
 She vow'd, grown desp'rate, to revenge her wrong,
 And bear no longer what she bore so long;

To a brisk, neighb'ring Barber she apply'd,
With all my heart the gallant Barber cry'd:
 Now whilst abroad the tyrant-bumpkin roams,
 With silent haste the watchful lecher comes;
 Her welcome guest the injur'd wife receives,
 And for politer work her *spinning* leaves,
 Up stairs she leads him, springs into his arms,
 And fir'd with transport opens all her charms:
 Now, *Colly*, triumph now, in scorn she said,
 Proud of the honours that adorn thy head.

Three times the pleasing vengeance they repeat,
 And with becoming horns the *Brute* compleat.



JUPITER and CLOE.



Young CLOE, frolicksome and gay,
 Was reading, once upon a day,
 How JOVE, as OVID's lines record
 (And Ladies will take OVID's word)
 Us'd to descend in borrow'd shapés,
 And sport in Cuckoldoms and Rapes.
 Delightful stories! — as she read,
 A maggot jump'd into her head:
 Thus to her self, " Does JOVE then mind
 " Us mortal girls? extremely kind!
 " Now I'll be farther, quoth the dame,
 " If this loose God be not the same,
 " Dress'd in rich velvet and brocade,
 " That won my heart last Masquerade;

- “ Hold——let me think——it must be so;
 “ It cou’d not be a common Beau.
 “ Lord! there was something so divine——
 “ Well, hang it all, I’ll not repine;
 “ For if his Godship likes the sport,
 “ He’ll never damn a body for’t.



ADVICE to my self on being threatned to be expell’d.



Rithee, dear NICK, thy wicked life amend,
 And take the counsel of thy nearest friend:
 No more, presumptuous boy, with im-
 pious airs,

Prefer the tempting bottle to thy prayers;
 No more at *Newnham*, nor at *Woodstock* dine;
 Abandon *FINMORE*’s ale and *RICHMOND*’s wine;
 No more by water, nor on horseback rove,
 Nor mind the gadding girls in *Maudlin* grove;

Cease with repeated crimes to urge the spleen
 Of the grave * *Vice* and *silver-button'd* † Dean;
 Ah! that with them alone thou hadst to strive,
 For they are candid both and will forgive;
 But crowds of ev'ry species are thy foes,
 Fops, Ladies, Critics, Parsons, Wits, and Beaux;
 All these united, with revengeful hate,
 Vow thy destruction, and conspire thy fate.
 CRASSUS on thee contracts his wrathful brows,
 And SEMIVIR thy speedy ruin vows:
 Whither, expell'd, for succour wilt thou run?
 Thy fortune squander'd, and thy fame undone?
 A dark blind room in *Grubstreet* wilt thou take,
 And venal ditties, for thy living, make?
 Wilt thou in love-odes, or in satire deal,
 Translate old authors, or from modern steal?
 In mournful elegiack rhimes complain,
 Or try thy fate in the dramatick strain?

* The Vice-President.

† The Dean of the College.

These all are arts in which but few prevail,
 For one that gets a dinner, twenty fail.
 Or wilt thou rather, studious of success,
 Lay schemes with C——L, and ply the spurious press,
 By fraud and artifice obtain renown,
 And with decoying titles cheat the Town;
 While he shall grant thee, to reward thy flight,
 At noon a dinner, and a whore at night?
 No, this to want and infamy will lead,
 Soon will he turn thee off, when none will read.
 Think then betimes, thy former course forsake,
 Espouse the Church at last, and quit the Rake;
 Check thy free-thinking vein, thy sins acknowledge;
 And grow a dull, old *Fellow* of a *College*.



The FREETHINKER converted.



I R *Fopling*, crost in love and stript at play,
 Pensive and grumbling on his pillow lay;
 How vain, says he, are all the things below,
 Sway'd by a *Woman*, or a fickle *Throw*?
 Is this the boasted pow'r of human souls,
 Which fortune or a foolish wench controuls?
 No, we are slaves; our nature is a cheat,
 And reason serves to shew us the deceit,
 The servile tools of Providence we live,
 Content with what the Heav'ns vouchsafe to give:
 Life on such niggard terms I scorn to keep,
 Death take me hence ——— He spoke and dropt
 asleep.

When to his fancy there appear'd a spright,
 Such as old wives, upon a winter night,
 Describe, to keep the naughty boys in awe,
 With two long spindle shanks, a lantern jaw,
 Nor flesh nor skin the phantom seem'd to have,
 Ycleped *death*, the monarch of the grave,
 A tyrant, dreaded by the old and young,
 His dry bones rattled as he stalk'd along.

Kind Heav'n, says he, has heard thy urgent prayer,
 And takes thee from a world beneath thy care;
 Lo! thus I execute his high command,
 And shook the hour-glass in his scraggy hand,
 Then poizing for the blow his barbed dart,
 Aim'd it directly at the coxcomb's heart,

Sir *Fopling*, startled at the fancy'd stroke,
 Shrunk from the point and in his fears awoke;

A cold, damp sweat his dewy cheeks o'erspread,
 And his limbs trembled all with panick dread,
 Upon his knees the gracious Pow'rs he blest'd,
 And the presumption of his heart confess'd:
 Quite alter'd now from what he was before,
 He rakes and rattles and blasphemes no more,
 Grows a mere faint, converted in a fright,
 And says his pray'rs devoutly ev'ry night.



To a FRIEND in *London*, upon my returning to COLLEGE.



Hile you, dear TOM, in *London* City

Associate with the fair and witty,

And, gayly rambling o'er the Town,

Take the brisk juice in bumpers down,

Or, charm'd with the persuasive Stage,

Laugh at the follies of the age ;

To COLLEGE wretched I return,

And day and night with spleen I burn :

From

From jovial friends, from pipe and bottle
 To Pray'rs and musty A R I S T O T L E,
 From decent meals, and wholesome wines,
 To foggy * C O L L. and Mutton loins,
 From well-bred mirth to stupid puns
 Of pedants and of C O L L E G E Dons,
 My happy course of life I change;
 No more I dress, no more I range,
 But pensive mope within all day,
 And sleep and rhyme the hours away,
 A gentle song to L A U R A send,
 Or scribble something to my friend;
 This morning, as I stalk'd about,
 These lines to thee I hammer'd out.

Thou, T O M, with rapture and delight
 Enjoy'st the fair one in thy fight,
 The fair one too perhaps on thee
 Smiles, as she tattles o'er her Tea:

Whilst far from these distracted eyes
 My absent LAURA's image flies,
 To her my constant thoughts I bend,
 In sighs to her my wishes send,
 In vain from sighs I hope relief,
 And *thinking* but augments my grief;
 Her distant lips I seem to kiss,
 And cheat my self with fancy'd bliss.

Excuse me, that I say no more,
 My veins with raging fires boil o'er,
 Wild roll my eyes, my heart grows sad,
 Pox take me, if I don't run mad.

Oxon, Nov. 10, 1718.



Upon PARTIES.

Urst be that busy wretch, that *human* beast,
 C (Some crafty Statesman or ambitious Priest)
 Who first, his own pernicious schemes to
 build,

His native Country with divisions fill'd,

The bands of friendship and relation tore,
 And broke that union we enjoy'd before,
 All social rights and social ties dissolv'd,
 And into factions the blind world involv'd.

What mighty ills by *Party* have been done?
 What Empires ruin'd? what long wars begun?
 What treasure and what bloodshed has it cost?
 What millions for a *Party* have been lost?
 To this, we owe the curse of every age,
 Treason, sedition, feud, and civil rage;
 To this we owe, that, drunk with frantick zeal,
 The holy bigot draws his thirsty steel,
 For trifling piques his neighbour's life demands,
 And stains in kindred blood his impious hands;
 Hence crowds enrag'd with fatal anger meet,
 And the mad populace embroil the street;
 Hence CATO perish'd in his Country's cause,
 And JULIUS triumph'd o'er the *Roman* laws;
 Hence YORK and LANCASTER, with rival might,
 Led forth their wasteful armies to the fight,

While

While each contended for supreme command,
 And with wild havock strew'd the bleeding land;
 Hence we derive the discords and the woes,
 Which in the last dire Century arose,
 With her own wounds the jarring Nation bled,
 A Monarch in rebellious chains was led,
 And the Church bow'd to earth her sacred head. }

But why on distant evils do I dwell,
 Which our own factious times describe so well?
 Unnumber'd sects unnumber'd schemes devise,
 And mutual vengeance reddens in their eyes,
 Each in the right believes himself alone,
 And rails at all religions but his own:
 The **TORY**, with his sworn opinions big,
 Glows with hot zeal, and cries G——d d——n the
WHIG;

The **WHIG**, of his persuasion full as vain,
 Damns the vile **TORY**, in as proud a strain;
 The **PAPIST** and the **PROTESTANT** by turns,
 As Interest dictates, or as Conscience burns,

Idolater! and Heretick! exclaim;
Such are the honours paid the Christian name!

Nay farther does this rude distemper reach,
For ev'n the Ladies now Religion preach,
O'er their Bohea in Politicks debate,
And drop their scandal for affairs of state;
For MARLBOROUGH some and some for ORMOND
plead,

Just as the Parish Priest has fram'd their Creed:
In love all damsels are extremely nice,
And think a mungril-match a shameful vice,
Each takes her likeness to the marriage-bed,
WHIGS mate with WHIGS and TORIES TORIES wed.

Thus man on man eternal war proclaims,
Branding each other with opprobrious names,
And lest with them their enmity should cease,
And when they die, the world be hush'd in peace,
A num'rous race of successors they raise,
To propagate their feuds in after days;

Soon as they learn to speak, their careful fires
 Light in their tender breasts the Party-fires;
 MASTER is taught to lisp the DOCTOR's name,
 And pretty, little Miss must do the same,
 They must not play with PRESBYTERIAN boys,
 Nor let a LOW-CHURCH girl prophane their toys;
 As they grow up, the seeds of PARTY shoot,
 And in their ripen'd breasts take deeper root:
 Those whom they fled, when children, still they fly,
 Upon their persons cast an evil eye,
 The same ill-will tenaciously maintain,
 And fight their father's quarrels o'er again.



Upon the SAME.



TORIES and WHIGS, with mutual, selfish pride,
 In all their quarrels for themselves decide,

Both parties their own principles prefer,
 And in their own opinion *cannot err*;
 Yet both condemn, and for the same pretence,
 The Church of *Rome*, and talk of *common sense*.
 Does then to *us* this privilege belong?
 And must the POPE alone be in the wrong?
 Or shall we rather say, that void of light,
 Heav'n leaves us all uncertain of the right?



AN EPILOGUE for the Tragedy of King
 HENRY IV. of *France*, design'd to
 have been spoken by CHARLOTTA.



WELL! — I suppose you now sit all agog,
 In hopes to hear a smutty Epilogue,
 With filthy meanings couch'd in modern guise;
 Ye wicked toads! I read it in your eyes:
 Gad! you're of late so horrid vicious grown,
 Nothing but fulsome lewdness will go down;

Your palate's so debauch'd, you cannot eat
Without *provoking* sauce the nicest meat.

Dearly you love the bold intriguing Blade,
And chuckle, when an assignation's made,
Yet little dream, that often, while you come
To laugh at other men, you're dub'd at home.
How many of you, if the truth were known,
Point at your neighbour's horns, to screen your own?
So one gay idiot, when he sees another,
Makes senseless jokes, and titters at his brother.

You thought, perhaps, I'd sneer my husband's fate,
With lewd reflections on the marriage-state;
Did you, sweet Sirs? — No, faith, you're all mistaken,
I shall not speak one word for cuckold-making.

Indeed our most obliging Bard to day
Has made me something *modish* in his play,
But durst he hint it once behind the scenes,
I'd ask the pert, young Puppy — *what he means*;
For let me tell you, that Prince Condi's wife,
Bad as you think her, leads an honest life.

Shame

Shame on such foul corrupters of the age!

What! would you make a Brothel of the Stage?

No Play of late can be obscene enough;

Think ye, the Ladies like such *paw-paw* stuff?

Sorely against our will we act such parts,

And speak the naughty words with grumbling hearts;

Yet now and then forsooth we must comply

With your politer taste——good reason why;

For should we dare to thwart your wanton vein,

You'd starve us *quite*, and flock to *Drury Lane*.



The WISH.



When real blessings are to men deny'd,

With airy hopes they gratify their pride;

To every wretch this privilege extends;

However void of *acres* or of friends :

The Bankrupt wishes for the Statesman's post,

And each foot-soldier to command an host;

The

The meanest Curate that *reads Pray'rs* in Town,
 Or in the country awes the gaping clown,
 Thinks to be call'd, *His Grace*, before he dies,
 And looks at *Lambeth* with ambitious eyes;
 The *brawny* footman, conscious of his worth,
 Forgets his servile state and humble birth,
 Dresses, looks spruce, and with designing art
 Lays tempting snares, to catch his Lady's heart;
 While the smug chambermaid, with equal pride,
 Ogles Sir JOHN, and hopes to be his bride.

Like fellow-mortals thus I live on air,
 Nor will self-love permit me to despair,
 Tho' fortune sinks me to my native dust,
 On future blessings I securely trust.
 Lo! reader, to thy bosom I impart
 The secret, whole ambition of my heart.

Grant me, kind Heav'n, *five hundred* pounds a year,
 From mortgages, and tythes, and taxes clear,

And

And (if a beggar might presume to chuse)
 In a sweet climate, to oblige my muse,
 Where *Thames* thro' fruitful countries pours his tide,
 Or where thy wanton streams, O *Medway*, glide;
 There lodge me in a pleasant, rural seat,
 And let the river murmur at its feet,
 Screen'd from the sun, and shelter'd from the wind,
 Before a *prospect*, and a *wood* behind.

Then grant me, Heav'n, the second boon of life,
 Next to a good estate, a pretty wife,
 A fond, young, toying girl, and full of flame,
 (Not a cold, phlegmatick, insipid dame,)
 In whom good-nature, beauty, and good sense
 With equal force their blended charms dispense,
 Tho' virtuous, unreserv'd, and chastly free;
 Just such as *LAURA* is — or is to *ME*.

Thus fixt in pleasure, to my wishes send,
 The next substantial good, a faithful friend,

To whom I may, with an unguarded heart,
 My cares, my sorrows, and my joys impart,
 Reveal the doubts that rack my tortur'd mind,
 And ease and pleasure in his counsel find:
 With whom in rural sports I may partake,
 Start the fleet hare, or bait the fishy lake,
 With books or conversation waste the day,
 And o'er a bottle wear the night away.

And grant me, lastly, to complete the rest,
 An honest, peaceful, and unshaken breast,
 Free from blind zeal and superstitious fear,
 That, what I am, a man I may appear;
 That, while I live, no terrors I may know,
 And, when death strikes, despise the transient blow.

Grant me all this, and to the painful Great,
 Give Titles, Garters, and the posts of State:
 Let LAW in *Mississippi* bubbles shine,
 And STANHOPE by new Treaties grow divine.



TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF
Sir THOMAS TAYLOR,
BARONET.



TO THE
MEMOIR
OF
ST. THOMAS TAYLOR,
BARONET.



TO THE
 MEMORY
 OF

Sir THOMAS TAYLOR, Bar^t.
 Late of *MAIDSTONE* in *KENT*.



Hence does this sudden, fatal change proceed?

For lo! despair on ev'ry brow I read,

All shake their mournful heads and pensive
 stand,

As the last dreadful judgment were at hand:

AURELIA, the fair parent of delight,

So wont with smiling looks to greet our sight,

Beneath her roof the stranger grief receives,

Her bosom with unusual anguish heaves,

Her eyes, that quick as lightning shot around,
 Now, indolently fixt upon the ground,
 Some sudden shock of inward grief confess,
 See! every look betrays the deep distress.
 Alas! the cause too just, that drowns her eyes,
 Too plain the source, from whence her sorrows rise!
 D A M O N, the lovely, cheerful youth is dead,
 And with him all our boasted joys are fled;
 In every mouth I hear the moving tale,
 With constant weeping every cheek grows pale,
 D A M O N from every eye demands a tear,
 And damps the * jovial season of the year.

Behold, how abject is our earthly state!
 A thread, that hangs between the sheers of fate:
 Conscious of grief, and sensible of pain,
 Short are our pleasures, and those short ones vain;
 From hour to hour we draw precarious breath,
 And blindly trample on the snares of death,

* He dy'd a few days before CHRISTMAS,

Our mortal frame no mortal pow'r can save,
 Struggling thro' care and sorrow to the grave,
 Death lurks in every shape, and every breeze
 Of air we draw is big with some disease,
 Our traitor-senses, in the civil strife,
 Let in the foe to seize upon our life;
 We bloom, like lillies, with the dawning light,
 And droop like them, and sicken e'er 'tis night.

Thus DAMON bloom'd, and in his bloom decay'd,
 Long e'er 'twas due, the debt of nature paid:
 But oh! how worthy of a longer life,
 So free from wordy broils and social strife,
 So fam'd for candour, constancy, and truth,
 As CATO virtuous, in the tide of youth!
 In every various, graceful art approv'd,
 And loving all mankind, by all lov'd.
 Scarce ever did he frown, but on his face
 Eternal pleasure laugh'd and youthful grace,

The fair still listen'd to his pleasing strains,
And DAMON was the pride of MEDWAY's plains.

Blest with his friendship, but too lately blest!
I sung *Te Deum* to my joyful breast,
With eager hands I seal'd the faithful vow,
And to my heart I said, be open now,
Throw by thy worldly forms and wordly art,
And all thy secrets to his soul impart:
When on a sudden (as a mighty wind
Roots up the oak, and leaves the shrub behind)
A fierce * distemper cropt his early prime,
While I remain, to mourn his fate in rhyme.
So soon torn from me and so lately giv'n!
How stinted are thy blessings, righteous heav'n?

Patient and graceful, like himself, he dy'd,
Bold as a Martyr, but without his pride,

* The Small-pox.

He courted not his fate, disturb'd in mind,
 Nor fear'd the stroke; but gallantly resign'd:
 When death advanc'd and in his wounded heart
 He felt, with pain transfix'd, the mortal dart;
 " My friends, said he, my dearest friends, adieu,
 " What most I fear in death, is losing you;
 " Thus in the blossom of our joys to part!
 " 'Tis an hard struggle with a youthful heart,
 " This weakness, if it bears that name, forgive,
 " *But sure it's none in youth to wish to live.*
 " Hadst thou, all-judging Pow'r, prolong'd my days,
 " Each morning should have open'd with thy praise;
 " But since thy hand cuts short my scanty line,
 " Still to thy dispensations I resign.
 " Death is the doom, in which we all are curst,
 " And it's my lot to go that journey first;
 " Whate'er new worlds beyond the grave I find,
 " I meet prepar'd, arm'd with a guiltless mind,
 " Once more farewell — and now, ye happy skies,
 " Behold I come: then turn'd and clos'd his eyes.

In that last crisis of his ebbing breath,
 Alas! how many suffer'd more than death!
 Numbers of every rank still feel the blow;
 For who to DAMON did not something owe?
 In times of need, so courteous was his mind,
 All sought him for their friend, and found him kind,
 Ingenuous and benevolent of heart,
 Still ready to protect the injur'd part,
 Proud to oblige, and fearful to offend,
 The best, good neighbour, and the easiest friend.

Praise and respect, that turn the giddy brain,
 And make young men grow insolent and vain,
 In DAMON'S breast no proud conceptions wrought,
 Laid no wrong bias on his equal thought;
 He sought not, but he shun'd our vain applause,
 And fought without reward in virtue's cause;
 If he had any fault, 'twas want of pride,
 And that's a fault on the good-natur'd side;

None were beneath his notice or his love,
 And yet, so happy was he, none above,
 All were his equals, or he made 'em so,
 Rose to the high, descended to the low,
 Him, in the same frank manner, might you see
 Speaking by turns to ROMNEY—and to ME.

How humble, yet how wealthy was his mind?
 How much to letters and to arts inclin'd?
 Free from vain affectation and conceit,
 His thoughts were manly, his ideas great,
 Quick was his fancy and his judgment strong,
 Blest with a modest fluency of tongue.

Nor least of all, the mournful Bard admires
 His kindred talents and poetick fires,
 Proud is the Muse amongst her sons to name
 The youthful heir of such establish'd fame;
 Yet in one thought she loses half her pride,
 That with his own short life his verses dy'd,

Like VIRGIL, but alas! with more success,
 He damn'd his own fair fruit and rob'd the press,
 By his command the shining pages burn,
 And sink in ashes, never to return,
 Unless to verse another life is giv'n,
 And with her Bard the Muse revives in heav'n.

But whilst his virtues thus my lays prolong,
 His death recurs and checks me in my song,
 Courteous he was, and learn'd, and good, and just;
 But all those graces now are laid in dust!

Ye fair ones, that so lovely us'd to smile,
 And made our KENT the PAPHOS of the isle,
 No more your DAMON with unlabour'd grace
 Joins in the dance, nor at the board takes place,
 To joys polite and innocent gives birth,
 Nor thro' the croud'd room diffuses mirth;
 Mix'd with cold earth, all-motionless he lies,
 No more his bosom beats, nor roll his eyes,

His comely limbs now mouldring for the worms,
 The certain spoilers of the fairest forms!
 But I perceive afresh your sorrows stream,
 And to my self recal the mournful theme.

Forgive, dear shade, these plain, well-meaning lays,
 That in a native dress record thy praise,
 This sober theme a sober Muse demands,
 Not one that wanders thro' romantick lands,
 And whines a fairy tale of woods and plains,
 And nymphs bewailing their departed swains:
 When stately villains unlamented dye,
 The venal poet must to fiction fly,
 With foreign arts his want of merit hide,
 And in the helps of common-place confide;
*The rivers weep, the flow'rs forget to bloom,
 And browsing flocks deplore their shepherd's doom,
 Winds moan his death, instructed by the Muse,
 In mournful sighs, which human breasts refuse.*

But real sorrows lessen in disguise,
 And art is useless when a DAMON dies,
 Nor needs the willow to preserve his fame,
 Grav'd in the noblest bosoms lives his name;
 ROMNEY laments his death, illustrious Peer!
 And ev'ry neighbouring beauty drops a tear,
 KENT in her annals will his loss retain,
 'Till at the judgment-bar we meet again.





To Mrs. CENTLIVRE, at that
time dangerously ill.

Struck with a passion for unhappy ROWE,
To whom so many finish'd scenes we owe;
I paid my tribute to his mighty name,
A stranger to his person — but by fame:
The man, but not the author was unknown,
Oft have I made his well-wrought verse my own.
Oft have I wept his dying Hero's cause,
And shook the ecchoing dome with loud applause;
From hence alone my grateful sorrows rise,
Hence the prompt tears o'erflow my swelling eyes;
But double pangs thy mournful bosom rend,
I lose the Poet only, you the Friend.
You knew the secret virtues of his heart,
How void it was of every treacherous art;

Search'd the vast hidden treasures of his mind,
And weep in him the loss to all mankind.

GARTH follow'd soon, from the unsparing grave,
Not his own art his mortal life could save!
Two Bards at once the tyrant swept away,
To feed the worm, and mix with vulgar clay;
Nor yet content, unbounded in his rage,
Of THEE too he attempts to rob the age.
Insulting death! oh stop thy savage hand,
Reverse, tremendous Power, the rash command;
Already you have given us too much grief,
Be kind at last, and minister relief;
Stop our forboding tears, assuage our pain,
And give CENTLIVRE back to health again.





To Mrs. CENTLIVRE, upon
her desiring him to read and
correct a POEM.



IN vain, ORINDA, on my aid,
And weaker judgment you rely;
Too rashly, Fair-one, you persuade,
A mortal to correct the sky.

To me, like PHAETON of old,
A dangerous province you resign,
Which I, like him unskill'd, and bold,
Accept, and mimick Pow'r divine.

Without my help the soul to warm
 With love, still happily proceed,
 Bid other LEONORA'S * charm,
 And other villains justly bleed —

Whilst party-mad the BRITISH FAIR,
 On Monarch JEMMY set their hearts,
 Despise the peaceful house-wife's care,
 And practise their seditious arts.

Whilst they with lies revile the THRONE,
 And with Church fears their minds perplex,
 Their follies singly you atone,
 And singly you redeem the sex.

* See the CRUEL GIFT, a Tragedy. Written by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.





EPIGRAM ON DR. CRASSUS.



RASSUS, the Poët's and the Villain's tool,
Just wise enough to think himself a fool,
Swears that in each lampoon he sees his face,

And vows revenge upon the rhiming race:

For once, dear CRASSUS, let a foe advise,

Look on thy self with more auspicious eyes,

To blab thy weakness, be not thou the first,

For that of all thy follies is the worst;

Ill-natur'd scriblers, unoffended, read,

The *conscious* Idiot is a wretch indeed!

By other hands let our defects be known,

For 'tis the devil to betray one's own.

On the SAME.




RASSUS looks grave and learned to the eye,
 His stiff scarf rustles as he passes by;
 Mark that wise shrug, that deep design-
 ing frown!

His sleek, broad beaver, and his glossy gown!
 Oft he stops short, and at the first alarm,
 Doubles his speed, and swings his careless arm:
 Sometimes he bites his nails, and rubs his head,
 Nay (what you'll scarce believe) I've seen him *read*:
 Sure CRASSUS for a deep Divine may pass —
 And so, with your permission, may an *Ass*.
 Ay, and some people think, with more pretence,
 For *one* has spoke, and he spoke better sense.



On the SAME.


 RASSUS one evening (as 'tis oft his doom)
 Was made the publick *Butt* of all the room,
 Backside and foreside upon *him* they fall,
 At last, says CRASSUS smartly to 'em all:
 Nay softly, Sirs! For all this great ado,
 I can my *talents* boast as well as you:
 Perhaps I'm not so *bright*; I grant you that,
 But I'm as strong, as jolly and as fat;
 You, MILVIUS, can your *lines* and *circles* draw,
 I can make circles too — *for boys at taw*.

You, Sir, can pun, or make a pleasant joke,
 I know you can — and I can laugh and smoke.
 You understand your *Greek* and *Logick* better,
 (Of which indeed I scarcely know a letter.)

But I can *preach* and *chat*, and after Pray'r
 Walk with the Ladies out — *to take the air*.
 You have more *learning*, Sir, perhaps than I,
 And you more *wit* — all this I don't deny.
 But who has most of *something else*, as good?
 Come on! and we'll be judg'd by Mistress W—D.



On the SAME.

UNform'd in *nature's* shop while CRASSUS lay,
 A cumbrous heap of coarse neglected clay,
 Pray, Madam, says the *foreman* of the trade,
 What of yon paultry *rubbish* must be made?
 For it's too gross, says he, and unrefin'd,
 To be the carcass of a *thinking* mind;
 Then it's too lumpish and too stiff to make
 A Fop, a Beau, a Witling, or a Rake;
 Nor is it for a Lady's footman fit,
 For Ladies footmen must have sense and wit;

A Warrior must be vigilant and bold,
 And therefore claims a brisk and active mould;
 A Statesman must be skill'd in various arts,
 A Strumpet must have charms, a Pimp have parts.
 A Lawyer, without craft, will get no fees —
 This matter therefore will make none of *these*;
 In short, I plainly think it good for nought;
 But, Madam, I desire your better thought.

Why, To M, says she, in a disdainful tone,
 Amongst the *sweepings* let it then be thrown,
 Or — make a *Parson* of the useless stuff,
 'Twill serve a *preaching* blockhead well enough.





To my Friend the AUTHOR of
the TRAGEDY of Sir WALTER
RALEIGH.



Hilst two great Bards our grateful Country
mourns,

And sheds the debt of sorrow o'er their
urns;

Transfus'd in thee, revive their generous fires,
And liberty again her sons inspires.

Thrice happy Poet! in thy numbers glow
The elegance of GARTH, and force of ROWE.

From yon' bright arch thy spreading fame they see,
And triumph in a successor like thee.

Behold! to cure the frenzy of the age,
A second CATO rises on the stage;

The same their suff'rings, for a cause the same,
Nor yields the ENGLISH to the ROMAN name.

Oppress'd with noise, and drunken party-strife,
Where Isis flows, I waste a painful life,
Stunn'd with the terrors of impending woes,
And Prelates to the Church insatiate foes;
Of uncouth logick terms condemn'd to hear
The same pedantick Crambe all the year,
Pro formâ to dispute the questions round,
And trace the windings of scholastick ground,
To College walls reluctantly confin'd,
Check'd in the native freedom of my mind;
Or on the Stage with corresponding eyes,
I would have seen thy *British* Hero rise,
For virtue and religion hear him plead,
And boldly for a thankless nation bleed;
But *partial* laws that happiness deny'd,
Against my will I laid the wish aside,

Content to *read* thee in thy genuine light,
 Where no proud scenes attract the dazzled sight,
 Stript of the pomp and trappings of the Stage,
 Strong is thy diction, and sublime thy rage;
 Great in your self, you want no foreign art
 To raise compassion, and awake the heart,
 The secret springs of nature to controul,
 And touch the diff'rent passions of the soul.

Accept, my friend, these tributary lays
 (If by that name I may presume to praise)
 Permit me, last, thy full applause to crown,
 And join the publick CHORUS of the Town.

St. JOHN'S College, Oxon. Feb. 3^d 1718—19.





THE
BOTTLE-SCRUE.
A TALE.

~~~~~  
*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*  
*Inciderit.* Hor.  
~~~~~



THE PATTEN, FAN, and PETTICOAT,
Three modern Themes of special note,
In parlous rhimes immortal live,

If rhimes immortal life can give;

The MOUSE-TRAP in sonorous lays

Transmits thro' ages TAFFY'S praise;

While still unsung in pompous strains,

Oh! shame! the BOTTLE-SCRUE remains,

The BOTTLE-SCRUE, whose worth, whose use
 All men confess, that love the juice;
 Forgotten sleeps the man, to whom
 We owe th'invention, in his tomb,
 No publick honours grace his name,
 No pious Bard records his fame,
 Elate with pride and joy I see
 The deathless task reserv'd for me.

Say, gentle Muse, in living song,
 Whence first this useful engine sprung,
 And THOU, who (if report speak true)
 In pocket always bear'st thy SCRUE,
 Accept, D—L—NE, in youthful lays,
 The homage which the Poet pays.

Once on a time, of mortal men,
 (No matter where, no matter when)
 There liv'd a jolly, country Vicar,
 Who lov'd the Church, and eke his liquor,

What was his name, I do not read
 In BAKER, HOLLINGSHEAD, or SPEED,
 But thro' the progress of our Poem,
 By name of ROGER you must know him.

Some little faults this ROGER had,
 But of the dead, mum! nothing bad;
 As that he *rarely paid his debts*,
 And others, which the Muse forgets;
 Our business 'tis his faults to hide,
 And only shew his better side.

All writers in this point agree,
 That he was jovial and free,
 A merry Wight! and after Mass,
 Would smoke his pipe, and drink his glass:
 Oft fond of mirth and conversation,
 Or press'd by courteous invitation,
 To neighb'ring farmers he'd repair,
 And spend a winter ev'ning there;

Sometimes of grizly sprites would talk,
 That in white sheets at midnight walk,
 'Till all the list'ning children groan,
 And dare not go to bed alone;
 Sometimes would on the musick play,
 Or *putt*, to pass the time away,
 Sometimes to ravish'd clowns would speak
 Mouthfuls of *Latin* and of *Greek*,
 His logick shew and classick knowledge,
 And tell of merry freaks at College;
 Play with the louts at *Christmas* games,
 And in their absence — with their dames;
 For wary *Clerks* learn all these arts
 To gain esteem, and conquer hearts.

It chanc'd, as old traditions say,
 That on a certain holiday,
 The 'Squire, designing to carouze,
 Some friends invited to his house;

Amongst the rest, as was most fitting,
 To sanctify the merry meeting,
 The Parson, if we credit fame,
 Was sent for and *precisely* came.

Supper now waited on the board,
 The guests stand round, and at the word,
 Sir ROGER, with a solemn face,
 Held forth his hat, and ton'd a grace,
 He said, and hemming thrice aloud,
 Sate down, and venerably bow'd.

Plain, not luxurious was the feast,
 But what a gen'rous heart confess'd;
 First, on the dish sublimely rear'd,
 The famous *British Loin* appear'd,
 Whose worth our loftiest praise deserves,
 Great builder of the warrior's nerves!
 Two Turkeys next the footman bore,
 Which lately gobbled at the door,

But oh! how very short their span?
 Unhappy fowls! the food of man!
 The careful matron, from whose hand
 To peck the grain they went to stand,
 From weeping scarcely could refrain,
 To see her pretty poultry slain.
 The feast a dish of Wild-fowl crown'd,
 Which on the neighb'ring woody ground,
 The 'Squire himself had lately kill'd,
 A sportsman, most exactly skill'd;
 Full oft, unerring from afar,
 Forth trudg'd he to the Sylvan war,
 In search of Foes, with ruthless mind,
 Dreaded by all the feather'd kind,
 For let 'em that way fly or this,
 Seldom the 'Squire was known to miss.

Thus far premis'd, 'tis now high time
 To check our long-digressing rhyme,

The task intended to pursue,
 And of our tale resume the clue;
 Wherefore the Supper now was over,
 And THOMAS brought up the *October*;
 The hoary bottle seem'd to tell,
 That all within was ripe and well;
 When studious to extract the Cork,
 Sir ROGER set his teeth to work;
 This way and that the Cork he ply'd,
 And wrench'd in vain from side to side;
 In vain his ivory grinders strain'd,
 For still unmov'd the Cork remain'd;
 And as a Chieftain stout in fight
 Exerts his utmost, warlike might,
 Loth to desert his destin'd post,
 And see his ravish'd honours lost,
 So did the Cork maintain the field;
 And scorn'd to human force to yield,
 Still kept the seat, each shock repress'd,
 Which in the cellar it possess'd.

At length, enrag'd with foul defeat,
 The *Levite* burn'd with fiercer heat,
 And grown by thirst more valiant far,
 He meditates a second war;
 Firm on the spongy Cork he plac'd
 His doubty thumb, and downwards press'd
 The yielding wood; ——— but oh! dire luck!
 Fast in its place his own thumb stuck.
 Loudly the pleas'd spectators laugh'd,
 With pain and shame the Parson chaf'd,
 Long did he strive, with adverse fate,
 His captive thumb to extricate,
 Nor could his liberty regain,
 'Till hammer broke the glassy chain;
 Leave to withdraw the Priest desir'd,
 And bowing, fullenly retir'd.

Homewards with flying steps he sped,
 Smok'd half a pipe, and went to bed,

Where pond'ring for a while he lay
 On the miscarriage of the day;
 At length the shades of sleep arise,
 And gently seal his closing eyes:
 Now thro' the gloom of pitchy night,
 There stood presented to his sight,
 Or seem'd to stand, the God of wine,
 Known by his *Thyrus* and his Vine,
 Which clust'ring round his ample head,
 His broad impurpled cheeks o'erspread;
 This hand a *Cork-scrue* did contain,
 And that a Bottle of *Champaign*;
 He fate majestick 'cross his Tun,
 And said, " Hail! dearest, rev'rend Son,
 " Whose *bulky paunch* and *rosy face*
 " Proclaim thee of the toping race,
 " Behold in me thy darling God,
 " At whose imperial, awful nod,
 " Immortal Deities get drunk,
 " And lewdly rave for mortal punk,

“ Your grosser flesh and blood put on,
 “ And tread on solid nerves and bone;
 “ Scorn their own thin, unbody’d Dames;
 “ And scorch in sensual, human flames;
 “ For *we*, to give mankind their due,
 “ Love a *tit bit*, as well as you.

“ Last night (for we above, you know,
 “ See all things that are done below)
 “ I saw thy conscious shame and grief,
 “ And come to minister relief;
 “ For lo! this crooked instrument
 “ All future mischief shall prevent.
 Thus, with a smile, kind BACCHUS spoke,
 And in his hand the weapon took,
 He flipt it o’er his finger-joint,
 And to the Cork apply’d the point,
 Gently he turn’d it round and round,
 ’Till in the midst its spires were wound,

Then bending earthward low, betwixt
 His knees the Bottle firmly fixt,
 And giving it a sudden jerk,
 From its close prison wrench'd the Cork :
 The wine now issu'd at command,
 When, with a bumper in his hand,
 Your health, Sir ROGER, quoth the God,
 Sir ROGER gave a rev'rend nod,
 In a full brimmer pledg'd his guest,
 And gravely toasted —— to the *best*.
 They chat together, drink and fill,
 And like two inkle-weavers swill,
 'Till both begin to hang the lip,
 See double, stare like pigs, and clip ;
 Then, hugging, take a parting glass,
 (But *dream-wise* all this came to pass)
 His Deity reel'd home to heav'n,
 And master ROGER wak'd —— at *sev'n*.

Up strait he got, in joyous haste,
 And recollecting what had pass'd,
 How with a God he spent the night,
 His heart exulted with delight,
 Each circumstance, their talk, their wine
 Prov'd his late visitor divine,
 The thought of which celestial favour,
 Gave a new turn to his behaviour,
 Wore off the gloom of last night's spleen,
 Intent to form the new machine.

But first, to his nocturnal guest
 This short petition he address'd;
 " Thrice honour'd pow'r! whose drunken sway
 " The jovial sons of earth obey,
 " If yet the racy fumes are fled,
 " Which seiz'd last night thy gracious head,
 " The hint, which then you kindly gave,
 " Accomplish and oblige your slave,

" For

“ For the great work my arm inspire,

“ To bend aright the stubborn wire,

“ To grind the edge, no easy thing!

“ And for the finger shape the Ring;

“ So yearly, at thy hallow'd shrine,

“ I'll sacrifice a tun of wine,

He spoke, and with his lifted eyes
Saw the God posting from the skies.

Now to the mighty task he sets
His hands, and o'er the anvil sweats,
First puts the iron in the fire,
And hammers out the glowing wire,
Then tortures it in curls around,
As tendrils on the vine are found,
Sharpens the bottom, rounds the top,
And finish'd bears it from the shop;
Well-pleas'd, a BOTTLE-SCREW he names it,
And sacred to the God proclaims it.

This curious Engine, says the Priest,
 Shall stretch my fame from West to East,
 Me the fox-hunting, tipling 'Squire,
 And punning Curate shall admire;
 Me shall the raking Templer praise,
 And Altars to my glory raise,
 When privately he treats his Whore,
 And this fam'd SCRUE secures the door;
 By me shall BIRMINGHAM become
 In future days, more fam'd than ROME,
 Shall owe to me her reputation,
 And serve with BOTTLE-SCRUES the nation,

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